

Esquire



THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

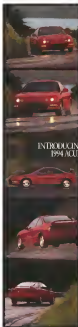
AUGUST 1993 • \$2.50

SIXTY YEARS of WOMEN WE LOVE

Angie Dickinson, ESQUIRE, 1966



LORD ASQUITH
ONCE SAID,
"YOUTH WOULD BE
AN IDEAL STATE
IF IT CAME
MUCH LATER
IN LIFE."



INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW
1994 ACURA INTEGRA


Let's face it. There will always be pompous, old
stuffed shirts complaining that young people don't
know how to get the most out of their youth.

Well, if ever there was something to prove those
stareless youthphobes wrong, this is it. The new,
totally redesigned 1994 Acura Integra GS-R.

With a more powerful and responsive, Acura

NSX-inspired, 170-horse-
power, VTEC engine and a

refined, four-wheel double-wishbone suspension,
let's just say you won't see a lot of the Integra GS-R
at the local lawn bowling court. And with anti-lock
brakes and driver's and passenger's side air bags, the
Integra GS-R confirms that just because a car is safe
doesn't mean that it has to be boring.

The all-new Acura Integra GS-R. Compelling
proof that youth is definitely not wasted on the
young. No matter what some bewigged kniship
might have you believe.  **ACURA**
ACURACORPORATION

AGAIN, HE WORE
POWDERED WIG.





GUESS
MEN

FACONNABLE
DESIGNED IN FRANCE
BY ALBERT GOLDENBERG

DESIGNED IN FRANCE

BY ALBERT BOLOWME

RECONSTRUCTIBLE

NORDSTROM

© 2000-2001, Chicago, California, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without prior written permission from the publisher, except as may be permitted in writing.

COMING FALL 1993



RL

RALPH LAUREN DOUBLE RL

Esquire

AUGUST 1993 VOLUME 120 No. 2

SIXTIETH-ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

Women We Love Sultry intellectuals, foreign sex kittens, cool older babes, groovy mall chicks, zaffig bombshells, and a slew of manly sports figures. From Dorothy Parker to Sarah Jessica Parker, from Margaret Dumont to Margaret Trudeau, we celebrate sixty years of the Women of Esquire and pay homage to the photographers and illustrators who made them famous. Plus: our Woman of the Year. 66

FEATURES

The Greenback Bind of the Assimilated Black Artist By JOE WOOD 59
PROFILE With *Boyz n the Hood* just on the line, his reputation as the voice of marginal and black America. But now that John Singleton is partying with Eddie, will he have anything left to say?

Whose Hillary Is She, Anyway? By WALTER SHAFER 84
THE WHITE HOUSE Forget the cartoon images of the First Lady: power and femininity, left-wing Joan of Arc, poster girl for Fredricka Phlois. The real Hillary Clinton is funny, not all that liberal, and even a little bit vulnerable.

Exley's Last Notes By FREDERICK EBEL 88
FICTION Not even the love of his friends and family could protect Ad Beaudine from his doctor's diagnosis. In a haunting analogue to his own final days, the author of *A Fish in the House* leaves behind one last tale of falling, sex, and mortality.

Attitude Cowboys By ARON LETHAM 92
STYLE Can't rope, can't ride, can't shoot. America's great cowboy hero is back, and all he wants to do is dance. A new generation of urban cowboys searches for true love and true grit at Los Angeles's Dances & Duesende bar.

FASHION

Ten Great Ideas for Fall PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIK NUYTOM America's top designers present the bathrobe coat, the lost suit, the leather vest, the short jacket, the oversize sweater, and other inspirations for autumn. 98

MAN AT HIS BEST

JOURNAL Dale Gilmart [20] The luxury cruise [23] Airport attire [27] Rosemary Mahoney [30] Paul Bowles [30] New Old New York restaurants [33] Charles Darrow's winged tents [36] A house on the Vineyard [38]

COLUMNS AND DEPARTMENTS

The Sound and the Fury	14	AMERICAN SCENE	By DIANE K. SHAN	44	
Backstage with Esquire	17	Letter from Liberia	By KATHY McMAHON	51	
From the Editor	By TERRY McDONELL	19	Adversaries	By EVAN DANKIN AND SARAH DYER	116
The Sporting Life	By MIKE LYNCH	41	COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK FEE, ESQUIRE, MARCH 1996		

Even as a kid, I hated restrictions. "Todd's quite a handful," my teachers would say. I had them climbing the walls. Who knew twenty years later I'd be climbing a few walls myself.

— Todd Strasser,
Book Collector



Todd sees things from a different perspective. He sees impossible dreams as realities. Old boundaries as new frontiers. And to see his way through each new climb, he wears Nikon Sunglasses. They're made with the same attention to detail that has made Nikon optical world-famous. So you'll look great anywhere. Even 3,600 feet up.

Nikon sunglasses

Changing the way you look.

For more information, write or call to Hamilton, call 1-800-NIKON-USA. ©1992 Nikon Inc.

Esquire

ALAN STILES

Publisher

JAMES D. WHITE

Advertising Manager

CHRIS K. MURPHY, Editor

SCOTT K. MURPHY, Editor

VICTORIA M. MURPHY, Editor

CLARENCE M. MURPHY, Editor

J. MICHAEL MURPHY, Editor

DAVID WHITE, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

ALAN STILES, Editor

THE AMERICAN DREAM.



THE AMERICAN
CLASSIC.



The Classic that... March, 1992

©1992 Hamilton



Hamilton

Since 1872
U.S.A.

DESIGNED IN SWITZERLAND



*Authentic Chinos and
Authentic Denim Shirts*

**Introducing
Authentic Chino and Denim.**

Dockers reintroduces the original ideas, the timeless styles. Like our Authentic Chinos and Authentic Denim Shirt. A generation ago they made the transition from military uniform to civilian uniform. Now softer and looser fitting, they're a very agreeable step back to a more authentic time. Dockers Authentics. Something new that's been there all along.

What is
AUTHENTIC



REVERSO.
AVANT-GARDE SINCE 1931



ORIGINAL
DESIGNED TO RE-
TEST THE GLASS
THE MECHANISM
FINDS THE
NOTICE SURVEYED
THROUGH SHOP
TO REVEAL THE
WATSON'S OTHER
FACE, WOMAN SUIT-
ABLE FOR SHE'S
SHAME CREDIT
GOLF OF ADVICE
SECTION 1

[illegible]

Esquire

Abstract 4.6—[View this table](#) (opens pdf)

TERRE MC DONELL
Editorial

[illegible]

ART
 BERNARD BERTINOFF Assistant
 ANDREW CARPIS Assistant Director
 GARY D. CONNOR Assistant Art Director
 BETSY GREEN Assistant Editor
 MARGARET BUTLER Assistant Floor Editor
 DAVID DE SELLERS Art Department Manager

FASHION
 ROBERT E. BRANTHAUS Men's/Women's Buyer
 JOHN MAYER Fashion Buyer
 BRADY FLEISHER Men's Assistant Fashion Buyer
 GUY LOUIS ROUSSEAU Assistant Fashion Buyer

PRODUCTION
 VICTORIA KACHINSKY Internal Production Control
 DEBBIE DOUGHER Senior Production Assistant
 SCOTT W. SELLERS Production Assistant
 ROBERT ABERNACHTY General Production Assistant

[illegible][illegible]

WIM DE CLARE HOOGHEM
General Manager, Western International/Alkermes

ROGER HUGHES
Deputy General Manager

Printed in the U.S.A.

Alkermes Corporation, 100 First St., Woburn, MA 01801
For subscriptions and address changes write: Request P.O. Box 99
Red Oak, IA 50268. email: info@alkermes.com

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26



DAYTON TELEVISION

MARSHALL FIELDS

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Straight Talk

PETITE MALE'S ATTACK on my biog-
raphy of J. Edgar Hoover, *Official
and Unofficial* ("Setting the Record
Straight," May), is inaccurate, viciously
misleading, and a slur on my journalistic
integrity. First, information about
compensating sex photographs of
Hoover and allegations of his cover-
closing take up just 2 pages in a sub-
page book. In his effort to tear them
apart, Miss cites Manhattan D.A.
Robert Morgenthau as rejecting Susan
Somerset's cross-dressing story be-
cause she hated Hoover.



There is no evidence that
Mrs. Roosevelt felt that way
or that the bad came to, and
Morgenthau said nothing of
the kind when I interviewed
him-on tape. Miss implies
my interview with former
CBS officer John Wain was
significant. In fact, it consisted
of two telephone calls
and an exchange of letters. On the ques-
tion of whether mobster Meyer Lansky
obtained such photographs and used
them to keep the FBI at bay, Miss claims
the prosecution Fritz Marshall was "never
interviewed" about his 1981 report on
the subject in *The Miami Herald*. In fact,
he was interviewed for the book five
times—in 1980 and, on a fact-checking
follow-up, in 1990. Miss tries to per-
suade readers that Hoover in fact pur-
sued Lansky with vigor. But, as noted in
my book, Lansky came under heavy
surveillance only when the director was
forced to respond to pressure from At-
torney General Robert Kennedy. Miss
cites Lansky's crony Jimmy Alo as re-
sponding to a question about the alleged
blackmail of Hoover with a dismissive
"Are you nuts?" Meanwhile, he avoids
informing readers of my extensive
quotes from Seymour Pollock, a Lansky
friend, and Gambino family luminary
Caroline Lombardozzi. The latter said
"Hoover was in our pocket. He was
no one we needed to fear." A bad color
swear from Miss's style little article
is just banal or even glibbed. Of
Hoover's failure to pursue the Mafia,
legendary former FBI agent in charge

Neil Wicks has said "None of the usual
excuses are convincing. It's a mystery."
The new allegations I published offer a
possible solution to the mystery.

—ANTHONY SUMMERS
Coney Island, New York

I WANT TO EXPRESS my admiration
for Peter Masi's article on J. Edgar
Hoover. I researched Hoover at some
length back in the mid-1970s for a cover
story for *The Saturday Evening Post* and was
aware of the way he blackmailed potent
political figures in order to prolong his
iron grip on the FBI. He de-
stroyed my article, which was
relatively mild but noncon-
fidential, but he was unable to
find and arrest to arrest upon
and had to let it pass unchal-
lenged by the usual laws to
the editor by Clyde Tilton.

The real Hoover was an
American hero, but there
was no end—other than
best-seller money—to Madison such
a grumpy old post. I've been asked uncounted
times if Hoover was a homosexual
and have a standard answer: that I had
no firsthand knowledge. I'm re-
turning and really wish once respectable
publishing houses adopt the ethics of
the *National Enquirer* and bemoan to all.

—JIM PHILLAN
Tombola, Calif.

best-seller money—to Madison such
a grumpy old post. I've been asked uncounted
times if Hoover was a homosexual
and have a standard answer: that I had
no firsthand knowledge. I'm re-
turning and really wish once respectable
publishing houses adopt the ethics of
the *National Enquirer* and bemoan to all.

FINALLY, SOMEONE who knows what
he's talking about has done what all
the other reporters haven't: Peter Masi
has checked the source. Having over-
sighted many of these same claims, some
much more thoughtfully than Mr. Sum-
mers, I agree that they are "all garbage,"
which is why I didn't use them in my
biography, *J. Edgar Hoover: The Man and the
Society*. Several years ago, one of Mr.
Somerset's researchers called me to get
Susan Somerset's telephone number. I
gave it to him, at the same time cau-
tioning him that Mrs. Roosevelt was
regularly an alcoholic with mental
problems and that she had served time
in the 1930s for perjury. I guess I should
have been surprised when I discovered
Somerset was claiming that Hoover was

a transsexual, using as his sole source
Susan Somerset, but I wasn't. I'd read
Somerset's *Golden and Company*.

—COURT GENTRY
San Francisco, Calif.

GOOD, HOMOSEXUALISTIC PITCH. I don't
believe it either. Key [Cohen] would
have told me.

—WILLIAM SAFIRE
Washington, D.C.

Stanley, You Presume

AS A TWENTY-SOMETHING postgrad-
uate looking for a job, I found Stan-
ley King's scintillating humor in "Duck! Get
a Life" (May) extremely depressing. Not
only does my generation have to contend
with the current demand economy and re-
dundant corporate downsizing (which has
come about, I should point out, under
the watchful eye of those in Mr. King's
generation), but we also must put up
with Stanley's old-to-his lips, stereotyping,
cheap-shot sarcasm. I do hope for a job
from Mr. King, however. I hope he does
soon and thereby creates an opening.

—MARK C. QUINN
Tombola, Calif.

FUCK STANLEY KING and the harm he
made in on. How dare he presume to
pass judgment on an entire generation
of Americans based solely on the few
bratish slugs who are stupid enough to
want to work for him. The fact is
there are plenty of folks from my gener-
ation who are living our lives with
anger, desire, and passion. Mr. King just
doesn't know any of us because we've
got better things to do than hang out
with a stupid old corporate drone who
thinks he still lives life on the edge be-
cause he's got a miniature pool table
(with working balls) on his desk.

—DARIN A. FOAT
Boulder, Colo.

MR. KING REPLIES: Thanks for the mail,
BT dudes. And please don't ever let that
sassy sense of humor

*Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address
and daytime phone number to: The Sound and the
Fury, 10000 19th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10035.
Using letters may be subject to length and delay.*



GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

THIS IS NOT ENOUGH SPACE to talk about this shoe. This is not enough space to describe how it fits and how it feels and how it hugs your feet. This is not enough space to appreciate a shoe like this, not even close. You need ABOUT FIVE MORE MILES.

THE AIR HORNETS - PAGE

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

FOR ALL THE intense scrutiny that Hillary Rodham Clinton has endured over the past two years, one critical issue—so vital to understanding her character and so potentially controversial—has gone unreported: The woman is

a serious Chicago Cubs fan. Not only did she want to throw out the first ball this year (to Mr. Cub himself, Ernie Banks) but she is as well-versed on the plight of pitcher Ferguson Jenkins as she is on, say, a pop fly over such an infielder.

"Hillary looks a little like a Cub fan as a metaphor for hopefulness," Our Man in the White House, WALTER SHAPELO, says of Esquire's Woman of the Year. "I look at it as a metaphor for Hillary." Either way, all she and her husband are looking for is a chance, in the spirit of Ernie Banks, to play two. Admiration, that is.

In "Where Hillary Is She, Anyway?" (page 64), Shapeo turns his attention to arguably the most powerful and most misunderstood woman in the world. "Hillary Clinton is a tomboy," Shapeo points. "We are so used to thinking of her as cerebral but no one has looked at her as muscle." In fact, Shapeo believes that an enormous amount of her character has been overlooked. For one thing, despite her seemingly liberal views, "she is to the right of few public issues." For another, "she seems to be a fundamentalist, outdoorsy to her." At any rate, Shapeo concludes, "her stock rises and falls regardless of her husband's."

When, at twenty-three, John Singleton was nominated for an Academy Award for his directorial and screenwriting debut, *Boyz n the Hood*, he was inevitably compared to Orson Welles. As if being linked to Welles wasn't enough of an honor for a young filmmaker, Singleton also had the burden of being a young, African-American filmmaker.

In "John Singleton and the Impassable Overlook Bird of the Automated Black Arise" (page 92), Joe Wooten, a Village Voice columnist and the editor of *Molotov X: In Our Own Image*, talked with Singleton as he was completing his second film, *Boyz n the Hood*, and explains why the black artist in America

is so often trapped. "There are people gunning for Singleton," Wooten says. "The challenge for him is to produce art."

In 1975 AARON LUTHEIM wrote a piece in Esquire about the phenomenon of the urban cowboy (which

was later made into a film co-written by Lutheim). Now, fifteen years later, Lutheim travels to Denver to Dinosaur, a Santa Monica club, where a new generation of "Attitude Cowboys" is kicking up its heels and live-dancing (page 42). For the nation's urban and suburban cowboys, the difference between the urban and attitude cowboys is one of class distinction. "The urban cowboy was mostly blue-collar, but the attitude cowboy is more white-collar," says Lutheim, who recently completed *The Program*, a movie he co-wrote about a college football team, to be released this fall.

The late FREDERICK BRUNY, another lumina of heartbreak and male befuddlement, contributed several of his memorable articles to Esquire on topics ranging from his beloved New York Giants to his beloved Doris Day. Before he died, Bruny promised to send us one final piece of fiction ("Today's Last Novel"), which we are pleased to publish on page 68.

No amount of war-zone experience could prepare veteran television journalist KERRI McMASTERS for the violence and anguish she encountered in Liberia, where some of America's freed slaves were repatriated more than a century and a half ago ("The Worst Place in the World," page 54). "There is a very bizarre theater to the place," says McMASTERS, now back in



Our Man Walter Shapeo and the First Lady

New York, where she is a senior producer at ABC News. "But I'd go back in a heartbeat."

For contributing editor DYLAN K. SHAW, the screen of Los Angeles, where she has lived for the last twelve years, are getting meaner ("We come to L.A. Now Get Outta the City," page 44). "You don't understand the kind of pain that's going on here," says Shaw, who co-authored Daryl Goss's autobiography, *Chaf*. "It's not just what I see on the news, it's what I hear every day. Everyone I know is talking about leaving himself." Shaw has also written two mystery novels set in 1942: *Los Angeles As Overlooked By* and *Dying Clock* is *Chaf*. Her third, *Tequila in Blue*, will be published next spring.

Finally, in honor of Esquire's month anniversary, we dedicated to remembrance about—if not occasionally ugly—some of the many women we have admired over the years. From both Hepburns to both Fonda (Jane and Fanny), we pay homage to them and to the talented photographers and characters who rendered them so vividly, reproducing the original images on equally stunning cutouts from the old mags ("Women We Love," page 66). Enjoy the view.



Aaron Lutheim



Joe Wooten



Dylan K. Shaw



stantante

Esquire

AUGUST 1993

The Last Paradigm

The oldest civil war of all, that between the city and the country, was renewed.

—EDWARD ARBON, GOOD NEWS, 1980

NOW THAT WE ALL know how Velociraptor did against the Last Action Hero, it is time to consider life beyond the slick rudeness of the movies and step into the natural world. Even if one man's wilderness is another man's theme park, nature is good for you. Time in the wild is always inspiring, and the more days you spend there and the closer you get to the planets and animals the better. The very rich have known this for a long time. This is why they always set some unspoiled land aside for themselves no matter how big a subdivision—all of Arizona, say—they had in mind. This is also why the careerist rich people in the West today are buying up huge old ranches and turning them back to nature. Good idea, if you can afford it.

This is the time of year when a lot of people who aren't wildly wealthy also flee to the country, finding it crowded and exhausting ("You'd have to be crazy to live here!"), and, by some twisted instinct, it is when many country people wind up visiting crises, finding them overrated as cultural centers and generally boring ("You'd have to

be crazy!"). Only the very rich seem to be getting their share of inspiration. Everyone who notices this should be awarded one of those old Earth First! bumper stickers that read **SUPPORT THE DOMINANT PARADIGM**—which is not a call for the redistribution of wealth. We all know what kind of environmentalist socialists and communitarians make

Earth First! please remember, was inspiring throughout the 1980s for both its courage and its hilarious actions against the lame-brained Department of the Interior. Remember James Watt? But the increasingly radical group had pretty much blown itself to ideological smithereens by the time its rambunctious leader, Dave Foreman, pleaded guilty to a felony charge of conspiring to sabotage nuclear facilities, and the money business—not to mention the more serious money-wrenching—hasn't been the same since (see Susan Zalkin's *Coyotes and Trains*).

Earth First! and the Environmental Movement, published this month by Viking). The sophisticated anarchy that held Earth First! together, however, was based on the simple idea that the human race was spending itself to extinction at the expense of all other life-forms on the planet. That is the dominant paradigm, and we should all think about it once a day no matter where we live. Velociraptor didn't know about paradigms, even if it could open doors—which is why the last man will have something much different in his heart when he dies than the last dinosaur had.

—Y.M.



MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LEXLER

MARK JACOBSON Off the Charts

Jimmie Dale Saved from Drowning

AS IS WELL KNOWN IN and around the Lone Star state, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, who grew up amid Lubbock's dusty-choked, flatlands and whose voice earned him the singing badge men (James Rodgers, is the most recent) of cowboys. This makes sense, since you'd have to walk many a row-lined mile to find a country crooner who took ten years off from honky-tonking to follow the twelve-year-old guru Wilbury and sell health food in the Rainbow Grocery—least one who is not only unimpressed by such an association but will

insist that without the substance he never would sound the way he does today. Listen to his 1991 masterpiece, *After Ashes*. "Once the integrity of his awfully anguished yet mindfully sweet twang drains beyond its core oscillative waltz through your cortex, it can take on the power of a hypnotic suggestion."

More than twenty years ago, Gilmore, along with Lubbock childhood chums Joe

Ely and Beach Hancock, called themselves the Philadendri and went to Nashville to cut a (great) record, which was so completely ignored by the music biz as usual, it was released only on eight-track tape; that is, the blues unconscious has become the stuff of Austin mythos. A couple of months ago Jimmie Dale returned to Music City's devil's den to make *Spring, Around the Sun*, which Beckins is giving the big-time treatment. At forty-eight, he is a happening thing, and who can blame him for being so: about what? For years you'd listen to his signature "Maybe I Think I've Got a Go Downstream," and it would be all edges, luscious with the mordant asperses of Henry the usual killer, then the next one it'd sound as if it sprang from the most yearning of a Last Picture Show teenager. *Spring, Around the Sun* contains little of that stark ambivalence. What it does have, besides a bunch of lovely playing and some of Gilmore's most beautifully spare vocals (maybe Hank Williams sang a better "In So Lonely: I Could Cry," maybe not, is the masterpiece, yep of the survivor, the imagery of a man saved from drowning by the concision of his own homelessness. It leaves you happy for Jimmie Dale, that he's crossed over the substance, at least for now. ■

Rid of Me, P. J. Harvey (Island): Like looking through a keyhole to a nervous breakdown. Recommended.



GISSIMO CORSON: Before a guitar and Jimmie Dale Gilmore, it had to be a good thing to write about



The Four-Wheeled Eighteen Wheeler

NOT SINCE LEE sold the tank division has Chrysler offered a vehicle like this one. Big-hipped, big-shouldered, the new Dodge Ram pickup wears a retro look. Its muzzle suggests the face of a Freightliner tractor trailer, with wide honeycomb grille and unrepentantly chromed bumper, as tough as its Magnum engine—pick the optional V-10 or go all the way to turbodiesel. And when they say Magnum, they're not talking champagne: Even the cup holder is oversize—it holds a convenience-store Big Gulp container. Moreover, if you're packing, Chrysler notes suggestively, trays behind the seat "provide hidden storage for tools and other valuables." ■

LEFT: CATHERINE WESSIL

Exclusive Sunglasses

Designed by Ferdinand A. Porsche
High-quality, CR-39 lenses protect
against UV-B radiation. Black, chrome,
gold-plated or solid gold
PORSCHE DESIGN

by **CARRERA**



Products Designed By F. A. Porsche Are
Available at the following
Porsche Design Boutiques

CORPORATE: 321 South Rio Grande Street—Salt Lake City, Utah 84101 Telephone 800 321 5152

BEVERLY HILLS: 336 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210 Telephone 310 355-3093 **MINIPOINT BEACH:** South Coast Plaza, 3333 Bristol Street, Costa Mesa, California 92626 Telephone 714 442-3172 **LAS VEGAS:** The Forum Shops at Caesars, 3300 Las Vegas Boulevard South, Las Vegas, Nevada 89109 Telephone 702 346-0410 **ASPEN:** 402 South Grand Street, Aspen, Colorado 81611 Telephone 303 925-2495

And other fine stores nationwide

For the name of the dealer nearest you, call toll-free 800 321-5152 or 800 321-5150

M A N A T H I S B E S T

JOHN BERENDT Classics

Crossing by Sea

WHAT IS IT ABOUT being on a boat that makes everyone behave like a "blue star"? John Marston asks. Charles Ryder in *Brinkley Rowland*. They are speaking on the telephone from their respective apartments on an ocean liner steaming from New York to England. John is having a massage while they chat, and Charles is being shaved in bed by his cabin steward. John's questions are meant to be rhetorical, which is reasonable enough, since the answer would have been obvious to anyone who read the book when it came out in 1945. Today, however, it requires the following explanation: Back when ships were the only means of

crossing the Atlantic, ocean liners were the most glamorous places on earth; there was always a congeries of celebrities on board, in dining and main staterooms, and their presence never failed to draw a swarm of nervous cameras to the pier, lending an air of excitement to the voyage and inspiring everyone else to rise to the occasion.

John was using the word "romantic" in the restrictive sense of course. It did not include third-class passengers or people who sailed on freighters or steamship ships; which is how I first crossed the Atlantic in 1956. That was the year the Continent made a special stop in Monte Carlo to drop off Grace Kelly and her wedding party. For our part, we were two foreign-exchange students, crisscrossed into a small, no-frills ship named the *Anna Rida*. We were hardly party people, but it didn't matter. We hung out on deck for hours, hypnotized by the towering waves catching sight of white and purples, and peering into the twinkling blackness of the ocean at night. One morning the captain told us that if we looked right across to the port

side we'd see where the Titanic had sunk in 1912. We stared at the empty expanse of water, looking for ghosts. On the port tug, south of Manhattan we saw just a white yard of a bright yellow buoy that marked the spot where the *Andrea Doria* had gone down only a few weeks before. Piles of wood and plastic still bobbed in the water. "That trash," the captain remarked dryly, "is what we call *Bussan*." The *Andrea Doria* had been a luxury liner, and among the surviving passengers there was, indeed, a first star: Ruth Roman.

We would have graduated to ocean liners ourselves within a few years, but airplanes intervened. The very next year, in fact, the number of people who flew the Atlantic surpassed the number who sailed. Today, something like 95 percent go by air. For airborne travelers Europe and America are two drinks and a sleeping pill apart, and the seaboys are as good as gone. So, for that reason, is the entire Atlantic Ocean and, with it, any sense of the immensity of the planet remote as was Gone with a nearly gone—a leisurely form of locomotion that people like John and Charles took for granted and that the novelist Thomas Wolfe once described as "the supreme ecstasy of the modern world."

This century has had little to do with things so-called since the turn of the century, when shipping was recognized that these crossings were mostly so-called American ladies who visited nothing more than to keep they were on a ship. To be commodious there, the shipper built great ocean liners decked in floating palaces and grand boards. The Hamburg America Line, for example, hired the architect of the Ritz hotel chain to construct a Lovett XVI interior for the *America*. Architectural fantasies became staple features on the high seas. Palladian lounges, Pompeian halls, and soaring art deco salons. Service was as good as at any four-star hotel, and the food frequently matched the best that could be had on land.

Luxury liners of this sort once plied the Atlantic as dozens, but now there is only one, the Queen Elizabeth 2. In her twenty-five



ROSE PEOPLE: The Main Brothers in *A Night on the Ocean*, the Windsor, Grace Kelly before *Quadrangle* has sight on the QE2.



OUR TEQUILA GETS ITS COLOR FROM TIME.



The rich golden color of *Sauza Conmemorativo* comes naturally from years of aging in oak barrels, not from the addition of artificial caramel coloring. Since the beginning, *Sauza Conmemorativo* has been made in this time-honored way. That's why the tequila made by the *Sauza* family has been Mexico's favorite for over 100 years. And why *Conmemorativo* has a smoothness and taste it could come by only in the traditional *Sauza* way. Naturally.

SAUZA
CONMEMORATIVO
THE NATURAL GOLD
TEQUILA

©1992 Imported by: J&F Imports, Inc., 2700 Canyon Blvd., Denver, CO 80202



years of service, the Q's has acquired a much beloved persona, as did her two pre-decessors (the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth). Like the other two, she has survived a number of harrowing close calls. In 1971, when Egypt and Libya were heavily allied, *Missouri* Q's had ordered an Egyptian submarine to torpedo the Q's as she steamed through the Mediterranean with a load of American Jews on their way to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Israel. *America* faded resuscitated the order as soon as its got word of it. Nine years later, while carrying troops to the Falkland Islands, the Q's zigzagged through a field of submarines in the South Atlantic, not casually dodging an Argentinian torpedo that was gunning for her. She has run aground on uncharted rocks, weathered hundred-mile-an-hour storms, and survived financially without the aid of government subsidies. But she's getting old. A transplant of new engines in 1974 has extended her life a few years, probably into the next century, but as yet there are no plans to replace her when she goes. This being the case, I booked passage from New York to Southampton last April before it was too late.

There were no TV cameras covering our departure and no celebrities aboard as far as I could tell. Security measures prevented the passage from distributing copies of the passenger list (yet one more privacy quest), so my pocket-handled coronets would remain largely anonymous. Someone, I imagine, once remarked that some of his best work had been inspired by ocean crossings. If he'd been on this one, he'd

M A N A T H I S B E S T

have written a story about *mauer citrina*. Besides, it seems, are the only people who have the time to experience the supreme luxury.

The crossing was not what I'd expected. From the boat deck, the ocean seemed further away and less threatening than it had from the *Asa Kala*, which was one such the case of the Q's. The *Asa* had heeled and parked even in temperate seas, the Q's rolls sedately a Gibraltar by comparison. In dice a head style, to be sure, but more *Hyatt* than *Ritz*. The wide promenade deck, so distinctive of the old liners, has been squeezed to make

room for high-priced staterooms; a tacky casino occupies part of a walkway where a carriage bar would sit; the bland-serving food is at times rather oddly concocted; cold plum soup, with chocolate chip cookies to start the meal, for example.

But why carp? The mere fact that you can still sail the Atlantic is cause enough for celebration. And, indeed, plenty of the old-glass notes do survive, comfortable evidence that credit applies only to the ship rocks, service sensible for its starchy and good but not, and rancidous for rest should.

you wish to drink for dinner in a gesture of culinary homage, the best of the ship's four restaurants, the Queens Grill, encourages diners to order dishes not on the menu. At breakfast, one day, my waiter asked if there was anything in particular I'd like for lunch. Reminding me of a late from British, I said, "Please, sir, I think the water ended at my request and re-plied, 'And how would you like them, sir?'"

INK

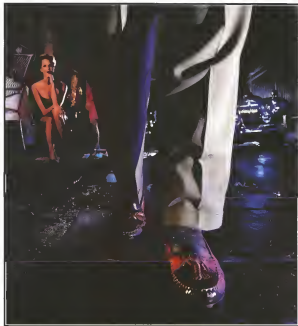
The Mightiest Pen

SO FAT it reminds you of the first first-grade pencil you held, the *Mano* pen deceives with its chubbiness. Like the pudgy kid who turns out to be a secret doubles hitter, *Mano's* comic-book proportions disguise the agility lent by its ergonomically sculpted fuselage. Designed by Luis Gonzalez of the Spanish design group La Neme, made in Japan, and sold in Miami by Zona Alta Projects, the pen seems to deter cramped characters, to permit only big, bold loops and serious statements. It coaches you to go *mano* a mano with the language. ■

GRIP IT!
The *Mano* pen (925) takes your pulse in hand.

PENE: JOSHUA MCHUGH

AUGUST 1992 REQUIRE 25



Anytime, Anyplace, Anywear.

J. MURPHY

Introducing J. Murphy. Available at Johnston & Murphy Shops and other fine stores.
For the location nearest you, to receive a catalogue, or to order, call 1-800-345-8280, ext. 2203.

Lord & Taylor

Johnston & Murphy
A CHLOE COMPANY

M A N A T H I S B E S T

STYLE

What to Put on for Takeoff

MEN USED TO regard travel as an adult privilege and dressed accordingly. If the result was weird crosses in your best suit or heat rash under the collar, so be it. But as anyone who has taken a plane lately can tell you, the culture seems to have lost its taste for voluntary discomfort (except for people in first class, who

are in the habit of looking as expensive as their seats). Instead of suits we wear jeans, which can look good in a casual way but in truth are no more comfortable on a plane than workshirts. Or we do some variation on the "incognito" route: clothes theme

which, alas, violates the ancient karma that says you shouldn't arrive at a new destination looking like a schlump. One solution is the new generation of knit pants and pullovers, made from soft, high-grade cotton, that have the loose fit and breathability of sweats and the construction of grown-up clothes: felt loops and pleats, if you want them. Add a sport jacket and you can wear these knits to the office—if for no other reason than to help you forget that you're grounded.

BY GUY STEPHEN WALLIS



HANGING LOOSE: Aerial that solves problems of the modern-day traveler—the unfurling popovers that (see the McGarrigles and McAnquies, left) Men's trench jacket, hooded pullover, knit pants by DENY





© 1994 Jil Sander - New York, NY

NETHERSTROM
BARNEY'S NEW YORK
DUTTON'S
HARDSON'S
MARSHALL FIELD'S



Feeling Man



PORT-BLANKNEY. Rosemary Mahoney can through the Irish mist in her portrait of the Old Country

The Truth About the Irish

CREDIT LILLIAN HELLMAN for cleaving sparks from yet another Irish-American woman writer. "Irishness, Rosemary, the vagrant Hellman offered me days when her young son-in-law, Rosemary Mahoney, brought home the wrong jar of pickles. 'But you should learn to write things down,' Mahoney, now thirty-one, has been wrong less of things down since. Author of an acclaimed memoir of China, she has turned her sharp eye and pitch-perfect ear toward chronicling the months she spent in her adopted Ireland in 1991. She don't hold your breath waiting for a saccharine paean to the land of saints and scholars from the Boston-born Mahoney, who speaks Gaelic and became a citizen of Ireland in 1998. The mid-life tale in "Whomsoever in Kinnegad, not the monks from Houghton Mifflin, are as crisp and tart as Hellman's famed pickles. Whirling with a Jeweled Star in true Hebraic fashion causes

not far from a Jew, Mahoney vividly portrays a self-supervised, class-ridden country belatedly inching into modernity, populated by a lovely mix of casual blasphemers, fifty-year-old virgin bachelors, and, most strikingly, a host of Jewish women—from casual northern and down-to-the-belt Old Believers to Jewish-American lesbians. Whomsoever has a few unapologetic moments with prominent Irish women, including one with the first woman president, Mary Robinson. But Mahoney, at her best putting aside analysis to become a character in her own tale, reflecting on how she catches a scruffy bunch of slacker-tinged writers on finding herself in an increasingly woman-dominated at one of Dublin's rare urban pick-up bars after feebly attempting to bring gay life her portrait of Ireland's new openness. That's fine with Mahoney. "You know who's going to pick off," she says. "The very unimpaired Irish-Americans. That's because they're out of touch. Ireland's a real place in the twentieth century. It's not all mist and tree and joy." —MICHAEL CURRIGAN

B E S T

Books of the Month

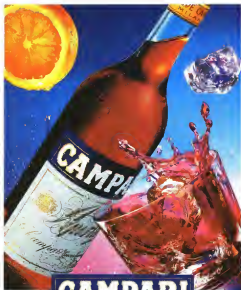
Too Far from Home
By Fred Bowles
(Roco Press)

PAUL BOWLES'S reputation as a polite, left-leaning, internationalist socialist attraction for the narcoleptic set may blind some to both the author's classical objectivity of prose and the strict industry of his literary endeavor. He's not increased in merely altering one's head, so to speak, he wants to destroy every sheltering illusion of Occidental consciousness.

And indeed a sort of being, come to that, blows through this extraordinary anthology of fiction and nonfiction. The natural world is given as much due as human consciousness, but neither, in any case, is especially convincing to Bowles's hapless protagonists. They meet East nearly Greek in their apathy. In the ferocious "A Distant Epitaph," a linguist interested in native dialects has his tongue torn out by outsiders. In the less well-known but equally stunning "Allat," a lonely boy under the influence of kief becomes a smoke and a seed to death. Also here, in its entirety, is "The Shattering Sky," a novel of alienation so cosmic that it makes the Beats look like codified lute wimps. ■



PAUL BOWLES: © 1997 MARCO LUCARELLO; ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



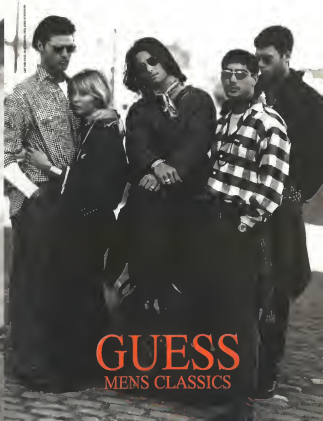
CAMPARI

THE APERITIF

Campari, an experience to savor, a taste to acquire. Few drinks say so much about you and where you have been from Milan to Monte Carlo... New York to Los Angeles... Campari's exhilarating flavor is enjoyed by people whose way of living includes

both classics and cutting edge. The Campari experience—a unique moment of everyday life: the light, refreshing drink before lunch, the paleo liqueur before dinner... the glow of the night. There is nothing else quite like it.

Enjoy Campari with a splash of soda, with orange juice or on the rocks.



GUESS
MENS CLASSICS

PHIL FATTON Design

Under the Little Top

TAKING in Ventanilla last year, Charles Davoli came across a screen-printed flower. He sketched it in his notebook, which is full of such patterns, and when he got back to work as designer for Moss tents, in Carleton, Maine, he took inspiration from it for the new Cycloid introduced this month.

A former architect, Davoli learned at the knee of the master, Bill Moss, who produced the first dome tent, in 1955. That was twenty years before the folkie at North Place, whose first factory in Berkeley adjoined Crivello's Clearwater River's rehearsal space, got gorgeous, with Backy Butler. In the heady 1960s, Moss and North Place, along with Sherry, Design, Stry, and Funkel, reinvented the tent. The waxy weight of the old Swiss pup tent, with no rip-stitch or dark gap ropes,

gave way to the freestanding, nylon dome with shock-corded aluminum poles. It even sported windows, yet, fully evolved, tents are now light enough to



THIS AIN'T NO PUP TENT: Moss Delord with Tentarium, above; interior of the Big Dipper, right; Olympic with Hippocampus, below

backpack and so easy to put up that, as North Place claims of its No-Hitch Pup system, you can do it in the dark.

North Place descriptively calls its tent Moss' "bipole, bifurc, flat." Moss looks at more abstract shapes. There, the motto is shaped by Nature, which did not desert the company from laying claim to some twenty-five patterns. Ten years ago Bill Moss retired to Arizona, leaving Davoli his successor. With his Dipper and Wing designs, Moss tents have moved from domes to word wings. Davoli's shapes are natural geometries. Look at a Moss star-flower or slice open an apple, he says, and you see the basic pentagram on display in his Hippocampus, which looks

like a buffalo hide when flat, a heavenly when folded, and a tent when set up.

But one of Davoli's favorite shapes is a pattern beloved of the designers of cathedrals and given its name by Alberto Durero: the vesica piscis, the bubble formed by overlapping circles. In ecclesiastical murals, it's a symbol of sacred meeting body, to Davoli, it is a shape of strength he multiplies in his Dipper tents so that, from above, they look like quincunx windows. He echoes architect Louis Kahn's "a brick wants to be made into an arch" with "fabrics want to be bent into curves." If all this seems heavy on the spiritual axis, you can just call the shape a hyperbolic paraboloid. Applied to fabric in tension, it produces natural

structure for maximum volume and what Davoli calls visual harmony, a structure that is pleasant to look at and to be made of—woodbale, Davoli goes so far as to say.

Davoli tests his ideas, taking and looking with them. You pay a premium for a Moss (1977-1982), even after Davoli brought in Japanese manufacturing gurus. But what you get are seams that are lockstitched, lap-folded, and bound, big self-repairing, number-seven zippers, and Easton aluminum poles with a lifetime replacement guarantee. All that, and the vesica piscis. Think of it as your own personal cathedral. ■

Why don't New Balance shoes come with pumps, discs, or other gimmicks to make them fit better?



They fit better to begin with.

© 1997 New Balance Athletic Shoe, Inc. Boston, MA 02114. All rights reserved.



new balance

See that running shoe on the left of this page? You can't inflate it with air. There's no Disc Closure Unit for you to fiddle with.

Why on earth would anyone buy it? Because it fits.

A shoe that fits better, performs better.

Unlike other athletic shoe companies, we're concerned about a shoe's fit from the very first stages of its design.

Take the M678, the shoe pictured here. It's built around a specially developed last (the plastic form that gives a shoe its shape) to perfectly match the curvature of a runner's foot. It also provides extra room in the toe box—the place you need it most.

More importantly, it's sized to match not just your foot's length, but its precise width—whether it's B (really narrow), EEEE (really wide), or something in between.

Our running shoes come in a variety of widths, just like feet.

MEN	WIDTHS					WOMEN	WIDTHS				
	AA	B	D	E	EEEE		AA	B	D	E	EEEE
ML300						W300					
ML301						W301					
ML302						W302					
ML303						W303					
ML304						W304					
ML305						W305					
ML306						W306					
ML307						W307					
ML308						W308					
ML309						W309					
ML310						W310					
ML311						W311					
ML312						W312					
ML313						W313					
ML314						W314					
ML315						W315					
ML316						W316					
ML317						W317					
ML318						W318					
ML319						W319					
ML320						W320					
ML321						W321					
ML322						W322					
ML323						W323					
ML324						W324					
ML325						W325					
ML326						W326					
ML327						W327					
ML328						W328					
ML329						W329					
ML330						W330					

This means you won't have to inflate the M678 to make it snugger, or adjust its disc to make it looser.

It also means you'll be able to take full advantage of New Balance's technological virtues, including ABZORB®—an exclusive cushioning material in the shoe's rearfoot that manages to be both lightweight and shock resistant at the same time.

What the M678 gives you, in other words, are all the gimmicks you truly need in a running shoe: none.

new balance **NB**

A more intelligent approach to building shoes

C-C

What kind of shoe do you need? What kind of runner are you?

[illegible]

	M1300	M095	M860	M678
	M6608E	M6607A	M360	M530
	MD320	M495	EDC600F	BC600 Ultra B5000 Sport
	W996	W860	W660	W660
	W530	W520	W495	W4838E

For a free brochure and the New Balance dealer nearest you, call anytime: 1-800-253-SHOE



Years from now, everyone will offer this much side-impact protection.



Regal Sedan meets 1997 side-impact safety standards today.

We didn't have to do it yet. We didn't have to do it until 1997. But at Buick, safety comes first. And, in the case of Regal Sedan, it also comes four years early. Because the 1993 Regal Sedan already meets the 1997 federal standards for

side-impact collisions.

Regal Sedan puts Buick quality all around you. The passenger compartment is enclosed by a steel safety cage. The doors are reinforced with steel side-guard beams. And accident-avoidance features like anti-lock brakes are standard equipment on the

Limited and Gran Sport editions.

Other cars won't have to meet the side-impact safety standards until 1997. But if you want a car that's ahead of its time, see your Buick dealer today. Or call 1-800-4A-BUICK.



© 1993 Buick. America's Most Durable Automobile. Side-impact safety standards in effect 1997.

THE SPORTING LIFE: MIKE LUPICA

Bjorn Borg Without Regrets

HERE SAY IN THIS ROOM full of legends, ten minutes from the stadium at Flushing Meadows, nearly twelve years after he walked away from the U.S. Open and tennis. He wore a Cat in the Hat T-shirt, blue jeans, and worn-out white tennis shoes. He had blond hair down to his shoulders. He looked the same, as if nothing had changed in tennis or in the world, as if there had been no rumors about drugs, no divorces, no talk about suicide. In this room with old tennis men named Laver

and Rastell and Emerson, Bjorn Borg was young. The courtsey car would have brought him straight here from that last Open final in 1981.

The Manhattan skyline spread out behind him like some kind of wonderful movie screen. Borg drank beer out of a bottle and looked relaxed, the serenity of his thirty-seven years and his self-imposed exile visible only in his eyes. The son of the package was the same.

"I didn't know you were taking the whole frigging sport with you when you left," I say. Borg laughs. "Neither did I."

He was twenty-six on the day he quit. Because of a death threat, he did not stay around for his final press conference. Of course, no one knew at that time that a tennis life was ending, suddenly and quietly, without fanfare or chaos, without so much as a goodbye. No one turned his shoulder. No one gave him a day. But John McEnroe, the other half of tennis's most remarkable rivalry, had no idea that Borg was gone five good after match point. It was as if he were over the wall. Late one afternoon in the September twilight, he just disappeared.

These days Borg plays exhibitions and wins some tournaments while he waits for Jimmy Connors to start his over-thirty-five tour. His mind strays to the regular circuit a few years back, but that did not work out. He was beaten by robots, sometimes badly. He had filed for bankruptcy. People said he was crawling back to tennis because he needed the money. I ask Borg if that is true.

"No," he says.

"People say you'll have to play until you drop because of all the financial problems you've had."

He smiles, and the smile seems genuine.

"No," he says. "I'm fine."

I ask him if they were right about the drugs and the rumored suicide attempt in July a few years ago.

"No," he says. "And no." He smiles again, amused as always that anyone would care enough to ask about his life. "The first, I came back because I love tennis. I always loved tennis. I was ready to play again, and so I am playing."

"Knowing what you know now, would you have walked away like you did?"

"Yeah," he says. "I would have done the same thing. Reality." With his Swedish accent, it sounds more like reality. "Asbestos got so few previous years," he says.

"The question is not just previous years," he says. "The question is what you want to do with your life."

"You have no regrets?"

"None."

THERE IS SOMETHING to add about a man who returns to the arena where it all began, the arena where he knew you were wondering what could have happened if they stayed through their prime. Bjorn Borg will never be like Jimmy Connors. He will not make a run at the U.S. Open when he is thirty-nine. He will be on some minor tour, playing other legends in "tournament" tournaments. He will double in Billie Jean King's World Team Tennis. He will play in Magic Johnson's basketball. Larry Bird is in the middle of everything.



"There have been maybe five or six people in history who could hit a tennis ball the way you did. And you just stopped." "I say 'You don't have my legs at all about that?'"

"In the beginning, I didn't miss anything, regarding tennis," Borg says. "Then I did. Now I want to play."

He gives me as much room to words as he used to give McEnroe.

"Listen," he says. "I know that if I wanted to, I could have had four five more years of top tennis. I know I could win a more Grand Slam tournament, a million of dollars. At that time, those tournaments, that money was not the most important thing in my life. People do not understand! Okay, I cannot make them understand. It made sense to me."

In the middle of that last U.S. Open final, McEnroe seemed to break down. Borg's extraordinary game paces by pain, breaking his heart in the process. During one stretch McEnroe passed him twice, so Borg came to the net to do something about it. McEnroe has a job over him.

After something that much, I have always had this theory that Borg knew he would have to hit his game to beat McEnroe again and that he did not have the will or the energy to do it. (It's like it never occurred to Bjorn that I could fuck up," McEnroe once told me.)

Borg had worked so hard and so long to stay on top. He had won five straight Wimbledon titles while he had been serious. Now that much left-handed genius on the other side of the net seemed on love, figured him out. Borg needed another plan. He lost to McEnroe and did not want to play anymore. So he took his medals and went home.

"McEnroe had nothing to do with it," Borg says now. "Like I said, I knew I could have lost, five more years of top tennis. I just would beat me sometimes. I would beat him."

Borg even told McEnroe that he was planning to return, he says, in the spring of 1981, while they were playing the Suway Cup in Japan.

"People are going to read what you say about this and tell their it's a mystery," I say.

"So it can be a mystery to them. I was never very interested in letting people see inside my head."

It was easier for someone to break his serve.

"I did everything I had to do to win

me for the ten years that I played," Borg says. "I did everything too, present all the time. The only thing I did not do was win the U.S. Open. I had my chance. I should have beaten Jimmy one time when the Open was still in Forest Hills. I thought I got a very bad call in the fifth set one time against John. But I am even free with the Open. I do not look back and feel sad. My life is good."

He looks out the window at the Manhattan skyline and takes a sip of his beer.

"Ten five," he says.

IT WAS THE IDEAS that first drew me to Bjorn Borg, the phenomenon in the middle of his greatest matches, the ability to play his best when it appeared to be lost. It was there for his five straight Wimbledon championships. I was at least part of his forty-one match winning streak. But I'd never had a chance to talk with him for very long (and this discussion in Queens).

There is something charming about Borg's Swedish accent. He was so charming on the court, hitting these amazing winners on the run in his almost off-handed way. Then he would speak in English, predicting so many statements with "For sure" and talking about this tournament he called the "Tennis" match. It seemed like one word. Jimmy Connors was Yonkers.

He tells me now about this wonderful quarterfinal against Arthur Ashe in 1976, about allowing himself to dream, for the first time, that he could win Wimbledon. This next year he did. He beat the Nasser, Connors a couple of times, then Bruce Berman, and in 1978 he beat McEnroe in the most famous Wimbledon final of all.

Most people remember the fourth-set tie breaker, the one that lasted twenty-two minutes. Borg led two sets to one. He had 5 championship points, McEnroe had 7 set points. McEnroe finally won it 18-16.

"The fifth set is what I remember," Borg says quietly eleven years later. "With out was the one."

He lost only three points on his serve in the fifth. His own significance, the best player of all time, better than Tilden

or Laver or Connors or Krieger. After that tie breaker McEnroe should have had him when he wanted him. He did not. Borg won the match 4-6 in the last set.

"That was the way we fought out that not only did Borg know a fifth game," says Peter Fleming, McEnroe's old doubles partner, "we found out he had a sixth gear too."

Fifteen minutes later, he was gone. It would be nearly a decade before he returned. I wish him if there is any chance of a comeback. If he continues to play, get in better shape, and finds the right coach, will he be able to hit the ball with the look, maybe have a run at the U.S. Open the way Connors did in 1991?

"I can't be like that," Borg says softly. "Not anymore. For Connors, tennis is still the most important thing. For me, it is just one of the things."

"What was the biggest triumph of your career?"

Borg thinks for a moment. "Wimbledon," he says. "Why?"

"Wimbledon surprised me. I knew I could be good on grass. I did not know I could be great." He finishes his beer, and it is time for him to leave. He will hit with some time who have paid for the privilege and then he will go to Manhattan. In a few days, he will compete in a doubles tournament with these legends who are much older than he.

He moves toward the court now, walking the way he always did, a little like a duck, shoulders going up and down. It looks so familiar. You expect McEnroe to come in at any moment so they can pick up where they left off, at 16-15 in another tie breaker, one more big final.

I give people answers, but not the ones they want," Bjorn Borg says. "Maybe that is why they think of me as such a big mystery."

Maybe he tells the truth. Maybe we are the ones with the regrets.

Mike Lupica writes for the New York Daily News and is a regular on ESPN's The Sports Reporters.

"These hair-trigger pistols once saved the owner of The Glenlivet from a band of cutthroats."

—Sandy McEnroe, our Resident Sage



Sandy McEnroe holding forth on the puzzle



What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky from one single distillery. But like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a chicken forest wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.

Welcome to L. A.: Now Get Outta the Car



IT WAS 6:00 P.M. on a Sunday when Howard Rosenman felt a gun at his head. † Rosenman, producer of *Father of the Bride* and the Oscar-winning documentary *Common Threads: Stories from the Quilt*, happened to be, at that precise moment, tooling along Melrose Avenue in his black Mustang GT, with its 3-liter engine, en route to the home of Disney studio chairman Jeffrey Katzenberg for David Geffen's 50th-birthday party— you got the picture.

Top down, car phone fixed to his ear, Rosenman was riding to his good friend Owen Steel—who was on location in Calgary, making her own movie—whose car phone was fixed to her car. Rosenman decided to pull over to the curb. Which is when he felt the gun.

"My first thought was, it's Joel Schumacher playing a joke on me," recalls Rosenman. Schumacher's film *Falling Down* was to premiere the very next night. "My second thought was, I am not my way out of this!"

What he did, actually, was drop the phone as a voice (not Steel's) barked, "Get outta the fucking car!"

Rosenman complied. Two men sped off in the Mustang. Steel, who had heard Rosenman cry, "Oh, my God, please don't shoot me!" frantically tried to call get from Canada—and couldn't—then phoned her husband in L. A. and her good friend producer Linda Oltz. Their calls got through, and eight seconds later the police roared up. They found Rosenman sitting on a doorstep, "totally flipped out."

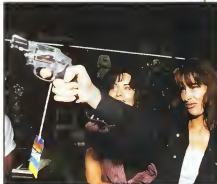
Not thinking. Ever the producer, Rosenman was already revving the opening of his new screenplay—for in the 1990s—to begin with a kidnapping!

Still, Rosenman was shaken. "Growing up in New York," he says, "I had built this whole persona for

myself. If you fuck with me, I'll tell you. But that part of me never had a chance to come out, which I suppose was lucky." He pauses. "Only now I'm going to buy a gun."

JOHN BRIAN JARVIS, a fifty-eight-year-old former driver for Universal Studios, had already bought a gun—a .38-caliber, 7-mm Remington rifle with a telescopic sight—and on a nice spring morning he parked his station wagon two hundred yards from Universal's headquarters and, rising the gun, calmly began firing bullets through the windows of the seven-story black tower. Tom Pollock, chairman of MCA Motion Picture Group, Universal's parent company, was in his office on the fifteenth floor when he heard what he assumed were noises from construction. Then someone ran into his office, crying, "They're shooting!"

Pollock and MCA chairman Lew Wasserman raced down the stairs to the fourteenth floor, where Pollock found



CITY ON THE VERGE: Proxies and a rash of carjackings have pushed retail sales of legal firearms in L. A. to their highest point ever: 115,000 over the counter handguns in 1992.



JOOP!



BLACOMINGDALE'S • BURDINES • JORDAN MATH
LAZARUS • RICH'S • TIE BON MARCHE • S&S

To order, see inside flap.

© 1995 MACY'S • Women's concepts, men's concepts, a collection of male sexuality. To experience it for yourself, lift here and rub yourself early on a.m.

a secretary lying on the ground, shot in the shoulder. "Seeing someone shot is not like in the movies," he says. "This was real. I don't know how it will affect the way I look at movies."

Jerma managed to hit two secretaries, neither fatally. Flying glass injured five others. Some thirty rounds and five minutes later, when the police arrived, he silently put down the rifle and allowed himself to be handcuffed.

MELANIE IS A young girl 1 month south of a volunteer pregnancy. A fifteen-year-old Cambodian refugee, Melanie entered a community-service program doing clerical work at the Los Angeles County-USC Medical Center. One day she decided to stay home. That same day a patient with a gripe walked into the hospital, marched into the records office, where Melanie would have been, then marched out and shot three doctors, one fatally. "I hate L. A.," Melanie says.

WITH OR WITHOUT earth-quake, Los Angeles seems to be cooing up. From pot-holes in the over-smooth streets to bullet holes where they'd never been before, the city is facing an identity crisis, a stranger even to itself. Once a haven for those who wanted to reinvent themselves, the city is instead being reinvented by the percent unemployed, waves of undocumented immigrants, hoisting metal storms, violent crime, and, despite the nervous after the second Rodney King trial, an enduring fear that the ghetto could rise up again, anytime.

The equally charged Reginald Denny trial, set to begin mid-July, promises to see the city's arrival all over again.

"All these things have revealed the city's reputation like nothing before it ever has," says Dr. Thomas Sironi, an expert on Los Angeles history at the Natural History Museum. "I don't think L. A. will ever again be America's land of milk and honey."

Last year's riots—from which the city is still recovering—changed the image of Los Angeles for good, the headline supplanting the Hollywood sign as its most recognizable symbol. But the riots—or cluster of new ones—are just the thing that makes the headlines; it's the everyday crime that gnaws at the psyche. Geography has historically protected the privileged and obscured

their view of the money matters. But now the predatory crime that is a fact of life for residents of South-Central has spread south into Beverly Hills, Brentwood, Bel Air, and Santa Monica, up through canyons and down into the San Fernando Valley. The price of the acreage no longer deters anyone.

"Did you hear about the carjacking down the street?" my neighbor said to me on the phone not long ago. "A woman in a new Mercedes pulled into a driveway, and as she was getting out the carjacker with a gun took her car and her jewelry. They followed her up from the Valley."

"I'll tell you some thing L. A. is worse than New York," says Sal Gama, president of manufacturing and distribution for Columbia Pictures. "Did you hear? Gena had his Porsche stolen from his driveway." In New York, to be on your guard is a way of life. It's not provocative and it's not paranoia, it's just the way it is. But the fear and the crime in L. A. are growing by degrees that are much more intense than in New York.

After the riots, the city went gun crazy—the good guys standing in line, shooting targets, the bad guys standing in line, shooting their bad guys straight at each other. Retail gun sales in L. A. County in 1993 numbered 113,400, the highest ever, with the months of May (postriot) and December (holiday season) showing the most action. This figure is at best a conservative estimate. Sources for "long guns"—shotguns and rifles—are unreliable because, unlike with handguns, only one firm needs to be diked out to ensure how many guns are purchased, and all firms are destroyed within five working days. This year handgun sales have remained steady at about 10,000 a month.

"During the riots, a lot of gun stores were looted by gang members," says Lieutenant Mike Downing, who works out of LAPD's Southeast division and whose father is a friend of mine. They stockpiled thousands of semi-automatic weapons. But the riots and gun stores have been robbed. Thousands more weapons are now in gang members' hands.

Selling insurance from several cops I know, I get this instead: "Why

don't you come with me to the shooting range?" Nina Domestica, who works out of Mirco Division, a remote L.A. It'll be fun. "When I promise that I'm not sure I'm ready for that, she says, 'Hell, I've been teaching my mother to shoot. She hit the same way you did. Only now she understands the skill required to shoot, and she's really enjoying the challenge of it.'"

Police Chief William Wilkerson is trying to convince the public to get rid of their guns. "Everybody who has a gun is only going to end up shooting each other," he says—but the average promise to be a hard sell. "I would never say that publicly," confides a female field deputy for an L. A. city councilman who is a candidate for mayor. "I'm wondering whether I should buy a gun. I've scared."

DID YOU HEAR? Three agents at Creative Artists Agency have been held up at gunpoint in recent weeks. A woman who works at Warner Brothers and lives in the Coldwater Canyon area of Beverly Hills was held up one day. "I gave my house number, I showed instructions—what seems to drive, a reminder to lock her car door before she goes around to the passenger side to take out my baby. All I can think about is that while she is walking around the car, someone will jump in and steal it. And my daughter will be taken, too."

The same score stories moved over Calabasas Canyon, into the Valley, and back. At a hair salon in Beverly Hills, the hairdresser, head bent over my nails, says conversationally, "Last week a friend of mine was waiting at a light when a car pulled up with four men in it. One points a gun out the window at my friend and says to hand over her purse. It was on the floor, and she thought fast. As she reached down for it, she was able to toss her wallet under the seat. Then she handed over her purse and the men drove off. It was weird to be there. The hairdresser looks up. "Can you imagine?"

At times it seems there is no escaping the gun mood that has seized over Los Angeles. "The worst affliction for the city of L. A. is the perception of

live," says Sherman Block, the sheriff of L.A. County. "In almost everyone, no matter their neighborhood or their ethnicity. Each day, every citizen wakes at least two or three different-based safety cues. Should I go to the school after work while it is still light or go home and walk (the dog)? How has my neighbor and I been treated? How is the quality of life, and it is terrible."

Unfortunately, the fear is founded in reality. Scores of guns and robbers cut through my glass front almost daily.

On a pleasant afternoon, Roger Brown, a corporate, repairs my non-functioned front door and speaks of a night, not long ago, when he and a buddy were playing pool at a neighborhood bar in the San Fernando Valley. "I was doing state and everything, and I was the bartender," Roger says, sounding sure. "Two men walked in. They asked if they could be served and were told no. They thanked the bartender and left. But a moment later they returned, one carrying an AK-47, the other a sawed-off shotgun."

Roger, who is not close, muscular, and tanned—a kind of behavior cowboy from the Old West—quietly corrects me. "The guys looked like they could just gut you out of Boston prison. The bar had two safes. One was open, and they claimed that out. They told the bartender to open the other. He swore that only the owner knew the combination, pleading, 'My life's more important than that safe.' The owner wouldn't be in until 10 in the morning."

"One guy says to the other, 'Let's do these guys, have a few drinks, and wait.' They made us lie flat on our stomachs and tell our arms and legs with alcohol control. They told us they'd shoot if we moved. After a while, one came over, put a gun to my head, and said he wanted my gold bracelet. I gave it to him."

For the next hour, Roger joy rambles, vaguely aware that the men were packing up cigarettes and whatever else they could find while enjoying a few drinks. Eventually one came to stand over Roger. "How you doing, big guy?"

"Too close, I guess," Roger replied. "The just having a back trouble breathing."

"All your troubles will be over in a few minutes," the gunman snarled.

Another thirty minutes relayed by as Roger waited for the bullet. All he could hear was the rattled breathing of the other men breathing. Finally, it occurred to him that maybe the gunman had left. He ripped off the electrical cords and discovered the criminals had fled out the back door. He phoned the police.

"They came right away, but I don't know if they caught the guys," Roger says, because I never heard from the police again.

The stories don't stop. One night I am having dinner at a crowded Italian restaurant in West Hollywood with Jay Grudin, a prominent attorney. Someone has brought me a briefcase on the floor beside me. I read down to put in a book that I have brought for him.

"Leave the book on top of the briefcase," Jay says mildly. "There's a gun in it."

I stare at him, dumbfounded. "During the night," he explains, "I grabbed a gun to carry with me." He laughs. "I didn't even know I had it. He then serves up my crime story for that day. Last night I went to bed earlier than usual, around 10:30. Jay lives in the Hollywood Hills area of L.A., a small enclave between Beverly Hills and Westwood that houses some of the finest or houses in the city. That morning at 6:00, he continues, "I went out to walk my dog, my neighbor across the street was walking his dog, and he asked me if I had heard the gunshot."

"I said, 'What gunshot?'" "He said around midnight a car drove by and he heard gunshots. And as we were walking, we found spent shells along the curb. So now I'm wondering: Am I supposed to carry a gun when I walk my dog?"

A few days later my friend Steve Downing comes over to load some new software onto my computer. As we work, I tell him about my dinner with Jay and his gun, saying, "Can you believe it? Men now carry guns to dinner?"

An odd smile crosses his face as he

lays out his briefcase and removes a laptop, the automatic. Downing, formerly a deputy chief with the LAPD, left the department ten years ago and went on to produce the TV series *MacGyver* and to write other TV shows. He is one of the loudest, most mild-mannered men I know. "My son gave it to me for Father's Day," he says cheerily. "How low is it? It's called it one in your pants."

"Right." He drops the pistol into his briefcase and says to me, "What you want is a shotgun for your house. There's nothing like a shotgun for protection," he says.

BY LAST SUMMER, people had begun to flee the city. "Some left for economic reasons," says Diane Arnold, administrative manager for Bakers movers. "Some left after the riots. A lot left after the June earthquakes. They were going to Phoenix and Las Vegas. We moved three people out for every person we moved in." A recent telling statistic comes from the Orange County Register. According to a poll, fear out of ten residents and they planned to leave the area within the next seven years, citing as reasons the economy, lifestyle, and crime.

The real estate industry, always a sure thing in L.A., has been badly hurt. If the land hasn't been sold, it's been sold at a loss or at a low price, as has been evidenced by plummeting values. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, prices of houses in Beverly Hills, Brentwood, and Bel Air have fallen by 33 to 36 percent since 1990. "The riots were like putting a nail in the coffin," says Stephen Shapiro, president of Sun Homes, Stephen Shapiro and Associates, and estate agent in Beverly Hills. "These who bought for investment purposes already had begun to pull back. Then, with CNN showing the riots to the world, Europeans, Japanese, and Taiwanese cried, 'Oh, my God.' L.A., Beverly Hills, they're all staying." People from the East Coast and Chicago reacted the same way. The newcomers we had always counted on simply bailed away."

In the Hollywood Hills, neighbors, fearing another outbreak after the riot and Rodney King trial (and now anticipating the Reginald Denry trial), have begun engaging in a most un-Los Angeles activity—bushwhacking to get to know one another, talking of sweet backroads.

John's losing his hair. His mission: get it back.

ASAP!
But how?
Weaving?
Not him.
Transplant?
Never.
A hairpiece?
Never, never.

What John really wants is his own hair back. And now he's learned, for male pattern baldness, Only Rogaine has been proven to regrow hair.

Rogaine
minoxidil 2%



Rogaine® Topical Solution (minoxidil 2%) works by prolonging the growth of hair, which grows in cycles. With more hairs growing longer and thicker at the same time, you may see improved scalp coverage.

Dermatologists conducted 13-month clinical tests. After 4 months, 86% of patients using Rogaine reported moderate to dense hair regrowth, compared with 17% of those using a placebo (a similar solution without minoxidil—the active ingredient in Rogaine). After 1 year, 48% of the men who continued using Rogaine in the study noted their regrowth as moderate to dense. Thirty-six percent reported minimal regrowth. The rest (16%) had no regrowth.

Side effects were minimal. 7% of those who used Rogaine had itching of the scalp. Rogaine should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Studies indicate that at least 4 months of twice-daily treatment with Rogaine are usually necessary before there is evidence of regrowth. So why not make it part of your normal routine when you wake up and go to bed, like brushing your teeth.

As you'd expect, if you are older, balding longer, or have a larger area of baldness, you may do less well. Rogaine is an investment, not a cure. So further progress is only possible by using it continuously. Some anecdotal reports indicate that if you stop using it, you will probably shed the newly regrown hair within a few months.

Why wait? Find out whether Rogaine is for you. Call 1-800-950-3600. Today. We'll send you an informational brochure explaining all about the product and how to use it. And because only a doctor can prescribe Rogaine, we'll include a list of nearby dermatologists or other doctors experienced in treating hair loss and a \$10 incentive to visit a doctor soon.

See next page for important safety information. ©1993 The Johns Company, Johnston, MA 01060

Rogaine
minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

What's NEW?

ROGAINE is now available in a pump dispenser. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness. It's the only hair regrowth product that's been clinically proven to regrow hair for male pattern baldness.

AMERICAN SCENE

and he's in a hurry to get out of there. "We'll all get out of our car soon!"

The men who lives across the street from me, a lawyer who is black, phoned one night during the King riot to report he had been in a meeting of another neighborhood association. "I didn't like the character and all the talk of running themselves," he declared. "I got up and walked out. I began to fear, they could shoot me."

What worries many people is the omnipresent threat that any future event could set things off. The Watts riots, you recall, began when Highway Patrol officers pulled over a motorist for drunken driving on a hot, sticky night in August 1965. And if anything, racial tensions are far worse in L.A., given the ethnic diversity that now includes not only African Americans (31 percent) and Angles (32 percent) but Hispanics (10 percent) and Asians (6 percent) as well.

And then there are the gangs. According to the police, gang membership in the city ranges from 50,000 to 100,000. Gangs are not confined to South-Central. Various factions have seized claim to territories throughout the city, including the predominantly white West side.

"What we're hearing," says Lieutenant Mike Downing, South's No. 1, "is that it's only a matter of time till they open up on the police. Almost every morning incidents of rape and ambush. A police officer will respond to a call and be shot at. In South Los Angeles, at least three cars a week come back with bullet holes in them." In the first four months of this year, nearly 200 L.A. cops have been shot; more than 100 were hit.

After two years of being vilified by politicians and many segments of the population, the LAPD image is now steadily being restored by the very same demonstrators. "We've made our police," as their new rallying cry.

The Americans' blind attitude toward police—we were racist, and so we'll continue to foster contempt for us the city's only dedicated no-nonsense, some in South-Central complained about the massive police presence. The police themselves have come away from the Rodney King incident bewildered. While several police officers I spoke with affirmed that most L.A. cops behave ethically, Rosen and Powell said unapologetically they were privately bitter

AMERICAN SCENE DIANE K. SHAN

over the unprecedented staging of a riot and that to get the "right" verdict and they are disturbed by what the long stage officials say.

"You can already see the officers," says a veteran officer who works out of Forestry. "Last year crime was up and it was down."

"I think," says Lieutenant Karlsson Marcott, "there would not be a Rodney King incident today if the California Highway Patrol spent someone spending and called for LAPD backup. LAPD might shoot him for a while. But if they can't be in full force on going away, they will just let him go."

DID YOU HEAR! The air is thick with tension like a mutant among. Peter Guber, chairman of Sony Pictures Entertainment, says his wife, Brenda, was approached by a gunman as she walked at a light on Pacific Coast Highway. She got out of her car and began screaming for help. Other drivers formed a barricade and the car-jacker eventually climbed out of his car and fled. "I'll tell you, this becoming very Daryl Guter-ous in my attitude," Guber says.

Hollywood is beginning to feel on crutches again by real life. Down Street shows me a book she is reading, "The Hidden Secret of the Secret," and says, "I'm serious. I don't know how much longer I want to stay here."

Sheel, who is producing a film called Cool Bangers for Disney, candidly says what many will tell: "All of us have been here before. I think our whole lives. Now we're very conservative on law and order."

SIX MONTHS AFTER Willie Williams moved into Barker Center last summer, four black old men and the new police chief visit. "We want anything they could do to help by way of their money?" Williams was grumpy but noncommittal.

Nevertheless, some motion say they are reconsidering the violent content of their movies. A month before his building was shot up, Tom Pollock staged a two-day riot for a hundred movie-production executives, a kind of "non-violence-violence" session on what Hollywood is how to society," he says.

When Universal opened Spike Lee's *Do the Right Thing*, Pollock recalls "we were scared of financing racial

violence. Several areas worse than we were going to cause more I don't think that we did. But I do think we have racial violence. In the past, the only difference was that in filmakers was between making good movies and making commercial movies. Now that vision has been expanded. We all live in it."

For all the noble talk, at least one Hollywood agent reports, "If the studios are cutting back on the violent content of their movies, it's never to be used as a money point, it's business as usual."

And so it is, too, in Beverly Hills, apparently.

Despite the constant fear of crime that permeates this community, Beverly Hills police chief Marvin Linnane provides over a brand-new stone house and twenty-three state-of-the-art and largely new pat cars.

A cast of 15,000 residents, Beverly Hills needs to half a million in the days. "It's an increasingly aggressive force of 150 officers, with its advanced de-

mentary response time, still manages to keep the streets fairly safe. Last year, when L.A. had its thousand carjacks, Beverly Hills had fourteen. "The criminals have the word," Linnane says cheerfully. "They out of the city with the white flag."

Linnane boasts that in his eight years as chief, there have been seven murders and all the cases were solved. His biggest case right now: "We have any criminal financial activity in the construction of the new police complex?" Linnane's detectives are investigating.

In the meantime, the nation—with its Jewish bond and electronic and other controls—wants for business to pick up. With an average of 165 arrests a day (the day I visited there were 100—Linnane says an opportunity. "I'm thinking of moving our calls to people convicted of non-violent offenses," a sort of bed-and-breakfast for criminals, he says. He laughs. "Of course, we won't take just anybody. We wouldn't want a kid sitting in our cells." ■

Because she believes dogs have souls and angels have wings. Because she gave nine months of her life to watching someone grow. Because she named him after me.



A diamond is forever.

LABORATORY TESTING PROVES:

PEARL DROPS® CLEANS BETTER THAN REMBRANDT™ FOR HALF THE PRICE.



RECOMMENDED BY DENTISTS
PEARL DROPS

AND PEARL DROPS IS GENTLE ENOUGH TO USE EVERY TIME YOU BRUSH.

TO HELP GET YOUR TEETH THEIR WHITEST USE PEARL DROPS WHITENING TOOTHPASTE.



LETTER FROM LIBERIA: KATHY McMANUS

The Worst Place in the World



In 1990, when Liberia first erupted in civil war, Dana Johnson covered the coverage for *Esquire*. Last last year, Kathy McManus took leave from her job at CBS News to work as a Global Newsweek reporter in Liberia, the West African nation embroiled in the chaos in a home for poor American slaves, she arrived during a coup, but that peace ended shortly after. What follows was called for from her and to her network news colleagues. McManus is now a producer for ABC News (as noted in New York). As the article says in part, the most honest of the writers actually dropped. More than five hundred Liberian civilians were butchered in a refugee camp, especially by rebel soldiers.

THOSE OF YOU who are receiving this message secondhand, courtesy of the U.S. postal system, should not be born the last opportunity to save some exotic Liberian postage stamps. There are none. Not in there a postal system (here is the most recent it, like everything else, has been stolen in the same sense

Prince Johnson, crowned President Doe's ears. As P.J. put it at the time, "We didn't kill him. No. He died of his wounds." But by then Doe had already looted the country and dropped back down with leaving them to die.

Almost three years later the country remains shattered, courtesy of a middle of civil rebel factions, a struggling interim government, the remnants of Liberia's undisciplined national army, and an armed West African peacekeeping force led by Nigeria. (Warning: faction records available upon request.) All teams are currently spying one another suspiciously avoid with some real estate loss in their hearts. At the moment, the most menacing mob of rebels is the National Patriotic Front of Liberia, the NPFL, led by Charles Taylor. They control almost the whole country except for the capital, Monrovia. What Taylor wants now is a) Monrovia.

In fact, Taylor has just issued another declaration of war, but so far it's hard to remain any real difference. For much of Liberia's population, electricity is either sporadic or nonexistent and the water rather runs out within two weeks. The-

phones work rarely, mosquitoes work overtime transporting a drug-resistant strain of malaria. Armed checkpoints abound, cobbled together from tender bloods, sandbags, oil drums and dread.

We, by contrast, are extremely fortunate, with well water in the guarded UN compound where we all live and a generator that guarantees us electricity in the morning and at night. I share a house with some kids, geckos, a cat, a snake, the rest of a clock radio and a nice German woman named Doris. The compound was originally built for Americans (who once cared a wee bit about this land) and consequently is utterly without charm. The houses are cavernous, feature floor-to-ceiling, with three to four bedrooms and a couple of bathrooms. The biggest threat to us right now is not the war, but the possibility of having to take on another roommate, which would upset the lumpy balance of our dream home.



WAR TORN: In addition to unspeakably brutal death and destruction, civil strife in Liberia features death horns, a rebel leader in silk pajamas, and a little POW camp.

PATRICK ROBERT

AUGUST 1993 REQUIRE 51

The local foods are cassava leaf and fish, which resembles a large herb of nutmeg soup. Actually there's usually some good fresh fish to be found and when the up-country embargo isn't fully enforced, one can buy backpack produce from the women vendors on the street: oranges, pineapples, onions, screwy eggplant. The presence of cassava is an indicator of reduced hostilities behind rebel lines. There are no assassins this week.

CHARLES TAYLOR'S REBELS, we just heard, have attacked beautiful Monrovia. This is the first time in five years. Now then, when a Third World woman finds her home under rocket and artillery fire, she escapes with only what she can carry: on her head, some bedding and a cooking pot, and on her back, the youngest child—always an infant—strapped on by a piece of cloth. The other children must run alongside her, until scratched into their tiny lives.

When a First World woman temporarily living in the Third World finds her home under the same fire, the UN orders her and most of her colleagues to be evacuated. She begins packing the one bag she is allowed—every item, about forty pounds. And so she does some very quick and brutal mathematics.

First she gathers up her Japanese friends—Sobchak, Igopop, Sony with camera and hi-fi, and the radio, Nikeo with camera. Whiterose. This row is rapidly consumed by a few clothes, some underwear, shampoo, a toothbrush.

So here I sit, an evacuee in the Ivory Coast, whose house is a hermetically sealed, pitchless hotel room, my inability to secure human flesh having landed me in the category of "nonessential" UN personnel. Contact with Monrovia is limited to brief radio dispatches, as the phone lines are mostly about noise (probably they've been seized). As of this morning, Charles Taylor's rebels continue to make enormous advances on Monrovia and, from what I can gather, have almost surrounded the city. There was reportedly some kind of clash near the UN compound just hours after we were evacuated, so perhaps by now one or two of Taylor's most guerrillas are walking around with my underwear on their heads. My journalist self is now too shell-shocked at having been displaced just when the real work was beginning. But I'm working for the UN now and feeling

like rebel-itis. These rebels are brutal, too, and so my housemate, Doris, says (a little too often, actually): "I don't think we'd survive what they'd do to two women like us."

THERE IS NOW the first casualty of war: flushing the toilet in Charles Taylor's rebels have cut the capital's water supply and are now waging full-scale battle. After my week of exile, the UN chief has allowed me to return

to Monrovia, ostensibly to help distribute powdered milk of human kindness.

We're under a very restrictive curfew—6:30 p.m. to 8:30 a.m.—with a shoot-on-sight order for violators, an axiom that has prompted me to increase the herd robe. I lose at key choice points just as in a persecution. There seems to be a threat during curfew in our neighborhood, and the looters turn up not only dead but absent their possessions. The murderous looters are usually soldiers, who say things like "My gun hasn't eaten yet today." Clearly they're not reading the ads the Red Cross runs in the local newspaper under the heading: *It's not starvation*.

They crossbar and including advice such as "Civilian persons: Keep your property. Do not damage or steal it." This war continues without outrage. Meanwhile, we are protected by the West African peacekeeping force, which has somehow managed to stall its own positions. There is nothing smart about any of these horrors. This is not Desert Storm. This is Jungle Fever.

THE UNITED NATIONS is now finding and housing two hundred thousand refugees in Monrovia alone. There are no shampoos of razors, malaria, or diarrhea, but we are rapidly running out of rice. Rice has become the currency of Monrovia. There are no jobs. There is no money. The UN has several so-called food for work programs, doctors, teachers, and men who go out to retrieve corpses and bury them properly as they are paid in rice.

A lot of child soldiers are beginning to show up in a special kiddie POW

camp. According to the Geneva Convention, prisoners of war under sixteen must be kept separate from the big boys, so UNICEF created a camp in an old school, first replacing the doors and roof, which had been looted. (I'm not making this up; they lost roofs here.) Most of the scraggly little now to thirteen-year-olds in custody say they were conscripted into rebel factions with the promise of a bag of rice and the chance to loot anything they can carry if they reach

Monrovia alive. Some claim that in Charles Taylor's militia, they were forcibly given drugs that made them feel "like animals" (It sounds like speed to me.) When you ask them how they could kill, they say they were killing other animals.

I think some of these kids—the ones who were in combat for only a few weeks—

can be rehabbed to live productive lives, demanding Monrovia games and acting where Somalia is, just like all the little children in America. But they've got a long way to go. The original euphoria of reverse graduation—from soldier to child again, from venomous to fed, from shakedown to unshaken—has faded for many of them. Their sadness is palpable. George, a beguiling little post-teen last year-old who smiles his charms, told the psychologist the other day that he was upset because he misses his mother, whom he hasn't seen since he became a soldier. Asked to name three nice things Mom used to do for him, he answered with that ad-hoc-banality child's larynx: "She used to gather water for us, she used to sing to me, and she washed me into bed at night." Ouch.

SINCE EVERYONE'S been kind of down lately, the government threw a party here yesterday, a public-education party. The guest of honor was a soldier who didn't hand the Italians for behavior in combat when he allegedly shot a comrade as he was attempting to loot and rob the limited goods. So they made an example out of him and, here, a corpse. First, they bilked him and drove him around in the back of a pickup truck as everyone could see what happens to traitors in Liberia.



MINOTAURE



Paloma Picasso
FOR MEN

ESQUIRE READER REQUESTS

August 1993

Check the appropriate boxes to receive free information directly from these advertisers:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1. Absolut Vodka Portfolio | <input type="checkbox"/> 7. L.A. Gear |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2. Couples, A SuperClub Super-Inclusive Resort | <input type="checkbox"/> 8. Nike |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3. Duck Head Apparel Company | <input type="checkbox"/> 9. Nikon Optics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4. Jack Daniel's Old Time Tennessee Whiskey | <input type="checkbox"/> 10. Nikei Sportswear |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5. J. Murphy by Johnson & Murphy | <input type="checkbox"/> 11. Windjammer Barefoot Cruises, Ltd. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6. Jolene Waller Red Label & The Blender's Art | |

Please check the appropriate information:

- Are you male or female?

<input type="checkbox"/> M. Male	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Female
----------------------------------	------------------------------------
- What is your age?

<input type="checkbox"/> M. 18-24	<input type="checkbox"/> F. 46-54
<input type="checkbox"/> M. 25-29	<input type="checkbox"/> F. 45-54
<input type="checkbox"/> M. 30-34	<input type="checkbox"/> F. 55+
<input type="checkbox"/> M. 35-39	
- Are you single or married? (check one)

<input type="checkbox"/> M. Single	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Married
------------------------------------	-------------------------------------
- What is the highest level of education you have achieved to date?

<input type="checkbox"/> M. High School Grad	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Post Graduate Study
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Attended College	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Post Graduate Degree
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Graduated 4-Year College	
- My annual household income before taxes, from all household members, from all sources is:

<input type="checkbox"/> M. Under \$15,000	<input type="checkbox"/> F. \$68,000-\$74,999
<input type="checkbox"/> M. \$15,000-\$19,999	<input type="checkbox"/> F. \$75,000-\$99,999
<input type="checkbox"/> M. \$20,000-\$29,999	<input type="checkbox"/> F. \$100,000+
- Which of the following genres of books do you most often read? (please check one)

<input type="checkbox"/> M. Business/Finance	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Philosophy
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Classics (Greek, etc.)	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Popular Culture
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Fiction/Literary	<input type="checkbox"/> F. New Fiction
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Detective/Mystery	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Romance
<input type="checkbox"/> M. History/Reference	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Science Fiction
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Horror/Supernatural	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Travel
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Investigative Reporting	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Other
- Which section/subject matter of your Sunday newspaper do you read first? (please check one)

<input type="checkbox"/> M. Arts & Entertainment	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Real Estate
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Book Reviews	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Sports
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Business/Finance	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Style
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Current Events-Local	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Sunday magazine
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Current Events-U.S.	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Travel
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Editorial Page	<input type="checkbox"/> F. World Events
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Food	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Other
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Health	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Do not read paper
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Obituaries	
- What styles/types of music do you listen to most frequently? (check as many as apply)

<input type="checkbox"/> M. Blues	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Jazz-Fusion
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Classic Rock	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Jazz-Traditional
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Country & Western	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Modern Rock
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Folk	<input type="checkbox"/> F. New Age
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Gospel	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Rap/Hip Hop
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Heavy Metal	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Reggae/Caribbean
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Industrial/Alternative	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Rhythmic & Blues
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Heart/Dance	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Thrash/Punk
	<input type="checkbox"/> F. World Beat
	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Other
- Which of the following activities have you participated in while vacationing in the past 12 months? (check as many as apply)

<input type="checkbox"/> M. Aerobics	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Skiing
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Bicycling	<input type="checkbox"/> F. South Driving
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Bowling	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Short Shooting
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Golfing	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Skiing
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Hiking	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Swimming
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Hunting	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Tennis
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Javelin	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Water skiing
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Racquetball/Squash	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Other
- If Esquire were to sponsor one of the following events in your area, which would you be interested in attending? (check as many as apply)

<input type="checkbox"/> M. Billards Tournament	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Live Music
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Comedy Evening	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Readings by Writers
<input type="checkbox"/> M. Fashion Showcase	<input type="checkbox"/> F. Wine or Scotch Tasting

Once you have completed the information, please send this entire form to:

ESQUIRE, Reader Service Program,
P.O. Box 52839, Rochester, NY 14682

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Expiration: October 1, 1993 August 1993

**THE CONTROLLERS® HIT 30-50 YARDS LONGER,
AUTOMATICALLY CORRECT HOOKS AND SLICES
...MUST CUT STROKES—OR MONEY BACK!**

Replace your woods with these two clubs for just one round and we unconditionally guarantee they will cut 5-10 strokes off your average score. To prove it we will send you both clubs at one rate, not score.

This is so safe parents. Over 1,200 golfers have tested the Controller during events, and their reports are glowing. "Best I've ever played. I got 530 yards with back to back shots!" "What a pleasure to hit consistently down the middle!"

De and as it goes. Why? Because the Controller-Ten Shot and Farway driving stones revolutionize golf. They hit with the power of a jumbo steel driver, automatically correct hooks and slices and perhaps most important, replace driver anxiety with the confidence of an iron. As one lucky golfer put it, "They let you murder the ball without fear of losing it."

We have tested the Controlliner driving wires on a testing machine and with every imaginable kind of golfer, from scullie grade kids to linky six-foot six pros. We know that the Controlliners are the longest and easiest-to-install wires you can own. But you must see for yourself, so if you don't have time for a full round, hit the Controlliner-Tee Shot six three times against your driver and the Controlliner-Flairway driving iron three times against your 5-wood.

Those are shots are going to change your life! No more worrying about duffing shots off the tee, or hitting your ground balls off the fairway. Instantly, you are playing down the middle, way down the middle. The time has come to put your wedge in the cellar, and enter a new world of golf! Here, for the first time, is dexterity power with accuracy. Plus the incredible feel only comes!

If you hit off the toe or heel of an ordinary iron you will get a vicious back or slice. Not so with the Controller driving iron! These two clubs have a patented, full-safety system we call the "irreversible curve". This new scientific design means the abnormal swing registered in the ball by a toe shot or heel shot, instead of hooking or slicing away somewhere beside you, your shot curves back toward the pin! It's a no-nonsense right and you can use it for yourself or pass it on to your partner. **THIS, PLUS THE CONTROLLER'S EXTRA 30-50 YARDS, AND YOU ARE VIRTUALLY GUARANTEED TO CUT 5-10 STROKES OFF YOUR GAME.**

- They give you the power of a dancer with control of an iron...
- Their sleek, smooth heads swing through grass more cleanly than a weed.

THE CONTROLLER DRIVING IRONS HIT LONGER AND STRAIGHTER THAN ANY OTHER CLUBS IN GOLF IF THEY DON'T CUT 5-10 STROKES. YOU OWE US NOTHING! ACT NOW! © 2002, Performance Golf Systems, Inc.



- The Contender-Tec Short's 14" loft gets the ball up faster than a driver...
- The Contender-Fairway's 17" loft gets the ball up faster than a 3-wood...
- They let you carry two more precision clubs (wedge, chaser) without exceeding the 14-club limit (by eliminating woods).

Again, if the Controller Tee-Shot and Fairway driving score don't put further than your current driver and fairway woods...if they don't keep your long game straight to the pin...if they don't cut 5-10 strokes off your score...you owe an overhaul!

—just for trying one or both of the Controllers. Keep your new power pin-light with a \$15.00 RangeFinder! It's yours to keep FREE! Even if you return your order for a refund NOW YOU CAN RANGE YOUR SHOTS LIKE AN ARTILLERY OFFICER. No better reward. Check to bits.

Send your name, address and check (for credit card number and expiration date) to THE NATIONAL GOLF CUP (Days, Dns-139), 500 South Main Street, Meriden, CT 06450. Call (800) 325-3998 or e-mail us at 301-354-1111. The South-shore Convention, The Shore and Parkway driving from only \$29.00 each. Both cost only \$99.00. You save \$19.00! The 100% Carbon-graphite shaft model cost \$39.00 each. Both clubs cost only \$139.00. YOU SAVE \$25.00! The Iron-on-graphite shaft model costs \$129.00 each. Both clubs cost only \$229.00. YOU SAVE \$29.00!

Specify regular or stiff flex, men's or ladies, right or left handed. Add \$5.00 others. CT and NY add sales tax. No P.O. Boxes. All shipments UPS. Refund guaranteed if shoes are returned undamaged within 30 days.



They made him wade to the cove, too, and then they drove him down to the beach, where hundreds of the neighbors followed to watch the show. On our walk to the sea, a nice man cautioned me not to step in the human feces that littered the sand. It was a generous gesture, avoiding human waste on the way to waste a human. They used the prisoner to a joke with potato vases while one of the women, who had been in the cell, called out. And then they shot him. Patrick and Hassan, my photographer colleagues from Syria and Azerbaijan, Press, had a difficult time finding a printable picture, since many of the ex-combatants' wounds hit the region that might have once contained the example's conscience, a tip of the usual estimate, which says to avoid the head in favor of the heart. And then the headless man was hoisted, his arms outstretched in a cross to get a better look. A day at the beach. Libero says.

THE ROAD TO PEACE in Liberia remains unpaved. There is a paved road, which can get you from Monrovia to rebel leader Charles Taylor's headquarters in just an hour or so, but still you require a more life-affirming swing through the backlands. A few weeks ago, before your friend African attention left Liberia on the first available flight to Somalia, the UN Secretary General, Boutros-Ghali, appointed a special envoy, whose job it is to come here and put pressure on the UN War Reluctants Committee to force it to begin peace talks, we paid a visit to Taylorland via the hamstrung dirt road less traveled, around the back of the forest, as it were, instead of walking through the beautiful Liberian rain forest, clogged thick with trees of rubber and mango and banana and cashew along our bare extension of one of those poached trunks, four-wheel-drive, yuppie-bike commercials, only there wasn't any beer and I was the only blonde. But it was worth every lousy-sweating moment, as thousands of people emerged from the bush and lined the road, singing, playing drums and tinkering accordion music, chanting, "We are people!"

It was a good thing you didn't see that glimpse of the special envoy's diplomatic twilight in the red chair worn out of conveyor 3 wheel spin of palliative humanity, smoke, smoke, smoke.

HOW TO GET INTO THE RING WITHOUT PAYING DEARLY

With Nikon SkyForm Pro² II binoculars, you can see that right hand coming... even from the furthest seat in the house.

And because they're surprisingly affordable, your budget won't take a pounding. They're full-size Nikon brochures that deliver a low-light advantage, wide field of view and powerful images in compact size. Whether you're watching a price fight, a ball game or the latest fashion show, you'll want to see this.

Stay focused. It's broadcast with precision-aligned, multitracked lenses that have a great see-two-ways. They focus sharply from close-up to infinity (just like all other Nikon quality broadcast), plus they provide a quick, easy-to-use setting for conversion to "HD FOCUS" so (should you desire), without sacrificing visible focus viewing and the close-focusing capability essential for intimate activities.

Add a right-eyeglass depth adjustment, necessary for viewing comfort, ergonomic space-age rubber styling, and a choice of 7, 7.5, 8, 8.5 and 9.5 diopters, all backed by Nikon's limited 25-year warranty, and, SureFocus Plus if binoculars are a real technical headache.

See them at your Wilson dealer today.
Add more impact to your spending
without paying a heavy freight price.

STAVROS PIST® II BINOCULARS.
LEGENDARY PERFORMANCE. AFFORDABLE PRICE.

Nikon
 Imaging Solutions

call 1-800-247-3464
FORD Blue Inc.

Nikon
Small World. Big Camera.

How to use our new e-learning
module for your company.



LETTER FROM LIBERIA

hats, their arms, babies, palm branches,
the dog's tail—everyone, everything
shaking for peace.

Since I was with the special forces we didn't have to stop at any of the rebel-controlled checkpoints and have our stuff or ourselves looted, as has happened repeatedly to my LTN and international relief/contraband colleagues. Taylor's soldiers make the Crips and the Bloods look like finishing-school graduates, so many of them dressed in pickup trucks, all tinned and weaponry. The first night out I slept under some mosquito netting and a bit of apprehension, as we were "assisted" by several of our very own noble but fully armed rebels.

Twice in my career, men in silk pajamas have kept me waiting for interviews in their living rooms: first Hugh Hefner and now Charles Glimkey Taylor, though somehow Taylor's purple-and-gold silk robes seem more regally correct than Hef's *Vicodin's* Secret ensembles. Taylor received us in what was once the master house of the Firestone mansion on Brentwood Blvd. (The

With the Wind look-alike: massive concrete pillars with white porch columns, a graceful sloping lawn, and a silver gray jelp parked in front with CHAMBERLAIN plates. Oh, and more lots of more.

I've wanted to interview Taylor since hearing that he rebelled radio the first week he landed in Liberia. He gives great sound bite. But his session with the special envoy spanned on until a 30 the following morning. So Taylor, who would continue to attack Monrovia even as we all returned there, stood on his front porch and had us a weary adieu with the same words uttered by coming back the world over: "Okay you guys, drive safely, now."

LETTER FROM LIBERIA: KATHY McMAHUR

deplored by the postcolonizing military leaders, who sometimes try to use the threat of arrest as an apologetic. It is illegal to lose persons (that are not people) in Liberia without an official press report, which, when presented for inspection in continental areas, attests on the chemical characteristics of the Coke bottle in the moon. The *God Must Be Crazy* is always held up to the sun, stained, powdered, oiled, and otherwise treated to the sun's rays. The sun is not among Nigerian and Senegalese chess board areas, who never deviate from underling the same verdict upon comprehension of their authenticity ritual. "No This" is followed by an immediate change of voice to the nearest base line/barricade, at which point one is allowed to argue one's professional self out of arrest if one's female self appears willing to consider the needs of the commander who let you off. Twenty-four hours a day, it is here that one can find a woman who says, "If you don't you can die by and not me!" Though built up over my head. If other sleep with an arm over.

Hey, guys, what is it about you and war, huh? In my Club Sand days in Tel Aviv during the Gulf War, I remember seeing a steady stream of men and women respond sexually to war. Women who are living in basic zones turn solitary and introspective, completely regulated by the notion of coupling while men basically find war to be a big turn-on, the ultimate aphrodisiac.

Deep West Africa, though compared with the heat pinching, fuel-coping Israeli Defense Forces with whom I was thrust, pardon me, into repeated banis, these warriors are less physically rude but a lot more, shall I say... romantically challenged? As evidenced by the actions of a certain lieutenant, who less than twenty-four hours after we met, wooed me with this fainful invitation: "Will you spend the night with me in my bungalow?"

"Your hammock? Public? I thought 'Darling,' I said, my hand held loosely in his anorectic fist, 'aside from the fact that you haven't even bought me dinner yet—or in this case, an MRE—I don't think so." To which he responded, "But I love you." And so I laughed. Bloodied, scrawled.

By the way, the commander who referred to me as his woman no longer does so. No, he now refers to me as his

Well, the boys, which is a man, a guy? One of the U.S. Embassy guards thinks my name is Catholic, so "Catholic's here to see you, sir." Some of the child soldiers think my name is "Catholic," so they call me "Catholic." Some of my little pals at an orphanage point and call out "White man! White man!" when they see me. And the Lebanese from whom I purchased my accommodations call me "Ducator," based on my having suggested an office, then, drenched in blood for the first time, to be called "Ducator." I suggested music I wear while shooting photographs that fall under the category "Death is Everywhere and Boy Soldiers are Everywhere." I told them that I, Steve, was still among around my friends: Herson, Tello, Dorian, on how some true friends check in on how they are doing. How long since we last saw them? And we put the destination text in "how."

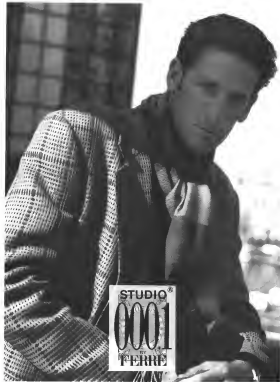
And speaking of water, it continues to be such a critical problem here in Mozambique that there is now a black market for it. The current government just fired a couple of people from what passes for the fire department for allegedly selling UNICEF relief water. These fire-department guys must have been competing with the Ministry of Culture and Tourism for the role of liberating Mayday Reporters. You see, there is a telephone number for the National Fire Service, but—surprise—it doesn't always work. So one must somehow find them from their location, where they have been known to charge for water. In silence.

But in the matter of the failed attempts to achieve common hydroelectric use in wartime, the Italian government, now here in Monrovia, has managed to provide a steady and uninterrupted supply of water to one external liberal city, my city, no, no, not the hospital, not the church, not the bar, fancy! The government of Liberia may have striven to shield from the principles of American democracy a set out to name as the nation's glorious mission, but it is a people's constitutional right to keep the sun down to keep freedom a volcano, the red war will begin. And so, even with the best place openly struck by mortar and automatic weapons fired by neither electronic nor water in sight, One Man, One Beer remains as noble and true.



Perfectly balanced

Tanqueray



PRODUCED AND DISTRIBUTED BY MARZOTTO SPA, ITALY

SHOW ROOM NEW YORK 1230 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS - SUITE 1437 - PHONE (212) 541-6655

MURRAY GOLDMAN
VANCOUVER

THE BON MARCHE
SEATTLE

CHARLES SPIEGEL
PITTSBURGH

SYD JEROME
CHICAGO

Esquire.

JOHN SINGLETON AND THE IMPOSSIBLE Greenback OF THE Bind Assimilated BLACK Artist

By JOE WOOD

JOHN SINGLETON'S PUBLISHER is a young Black woman, a lovely sister with skin the color of my writing table, brown like wet soil. She and I are sitting in the offices of New Deal Productions, Singleton's camping spot on the lot of Sony Pictures, and she's telling me that I have a bad reputation in Hollywood—somebody over at Paramount says she should watch out. She keeps her eyes wide open. I'm a little puzzled. I've never written about Hollywood, and I'm not well-known. She says, She's a little misunderstanding. I tell myself: Good, but then I glance at my skin and to color the color of my writing table, brown like her) and then I remember how I am always forced to begin I am black and a writer, and that is a power that makes whites and their holdings afraid.

While writing about Singleton I've been reading Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and rereading the

voices of John's family, friends, teachers, and associates. They are very rare to him, but the publisher does not know that. She seems concerned about the early hours on *Boyz n the City*, Singleton's new film. She is determined to see it, that her client does not get hurt, but I am determined to show his life, period, right here on this brown writing table.

To whom? You tell us sagger monsters yearly duly hourly masses by minute second by second, die names cover us like fine snow all the time. Flip through the pages of this magazine and see who the creators are and see how blacks are not and then consider this Mary Shelley drew a being as ugly that no one could stand his presence, not even his maker: the gentle Doctor Frankenstein. The being turns into a monster, infernal and the manner shadowed Frankenstein and becomes the scientist's dark reflection. Frankenstein spends

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VÉRONIQUE VIAL

AUGUST 1993 ESQUIRE 59

JOHN WILKINSON AMONG THE FEW PEOPLE
WHO DON'T GET COMFORTABLE, USE TO ENJOY THE SIZZLING REWARDS
OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARDOM AND THE LONG CREDITS.



most of the story trying to destroy his creation and, in so doing, destroy himself.

In black, The challenge is to create someone beyond that. When I call myself a black writer, I am naming myself something that most writers will not understand. They'll see me, and maybe they should, because I am trying to name myself—I am rejecting the accented role, then history I will not be their black. I also aim to be a different sort of creator. I discard Panikaren's approach. The hatred he felt for his creation describes nothing as much as Mann's desire to control—the photographer's impulse, not the impulse behind good writing. What drives playwrights, novelists, journalists, any good writer: a desire to grasp the heart of a subject, listen to its beating, then tell the experience well. There is a certain familiarity to this.

Since John Singleton wants to be the son of writers—that sort of creator—and since I've long wanted to only to him, I agreed to piece together this portrait, which is only a way of discussing the impossibility of being a black writer and the extreme necessity of doing it all the time.

JOHNN SINGLETON IS A SMALL, GRAY-BROWN MAN, so it's hard not to notice when he's looking pulled up. Just before our meeting he has signed a deal with HBO to direct a series about a black business owner. He also won't agree on the subject of a future film project. He's laughing, he laughs easily, a laugh like a broom, a push of air through the teeth. Ah, ah, ah. There's a window behind his desk and a row of fashionable baseball caps on the ledge. There are a couple of comic books on the desk. Ah, ah, ah. He laughs, saying with a cup, then the pulchritude brings in his mail and fishes out an envelope from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

It is an official membership card. The director intends up to show me and suddenly his politeness expires. He says that he has not and dems against the gray-brown color of his creation. It is not a surprise. He is not a surprise. Only Singleton's eyes give a hint of the shining valuable packed inside. There is a sharp flash in the socket, no cross for human assistance—not that I can see. What's visible is a certain joyful cooing, which seems at perilous moments to show out as you like a sharp word over his conspicuous cheekbones, over his jaws that as a Mexican cliff. Steady across from him I can sense that he spends an entire rooming Sydeman. His distraction seems not from feeling inspired by his sight.

Singleton begins to deliver a solemn telling of his life. I ask about his new visibility. "One of my buddies says, 'We all have opinions, you got a voice.'" He says, flipping a page. "That just is true. If I say something, hundreds of people will find out what I have to say about."

"Who gave you that voice?"

"Me."

John Singleton tells the tale with bored confidence. At twenty-five he's already made a financially profitable movie picture that not only received critical plaudits but won him nominations for Academy Awards in screenwriting and directing. And it all happened so quickly. A little more than a decade ago, when Singleton was a kid in Inglewood, California, his father often took him to the movies. The elder Singleton loved watching films himself. As a teenager in the '60s John would venture to the center of L. A. to check out the Grease fests, especially the summer film of Tishu Mollie, a Korean veteran and one of Japan's most celebrated

actors. "[My father] wasn't a film aficionado or anything," John explains. "He just liked the movies. I'd be the next the future director reached the sixth grade, he was sending me off school to see movies, by then school he was driving to the States in Pasadena for cinema like Kurosawa's *Ran*. He also read a lot. After opening through Dale Pollock's biography of George Lucas, *Breaking*, John decided he could make movies himself and soon enrolled in the screenwriting program at the University of Southern California.

Singleton sees his success in Hollywood as the simple reward for hard work and talent. As a young age he was taught the value of self-reliance, and then, he says, his parents basically let him run himself. During his father as a model (John describes him plainly as "a strong black man"), Singleton and most of his closest friends managed to attemp the summer films of criminality that attended the early '60s drug boom in L. A. He hung out, knew some of the hangers and passed hangers, but by the end of high school he had a B average and a gap on his SATs—good enough for a run toward a college degree.

I interrupt the story as Singleton starts emphasizing how clear he was about his mission at USC. His voice steadily. I say I've talked to some of his friends from school. "In his room he set up a tiny projector to watch old black-and-white movies," remembered Robert Thomas, John's old college roommate. "The fellow liked him, he wasn't what you'd call a ladies' man in college. He was considered kind of a nerd." Singleton continues. He says the fellow was brother, the whiteboys all called him arrogant. "If you talk to anybody who knew me in film school, the students and everything, they'll say 'He was cocky, he was an asshole' and that," he says. "But that's the way I had to be with some of them who didn't get it." Thomas agrees. "He would have all these connections in the business and I would stop to their faces and say 'You ain't shit, you ain't going to make it. I'm going to make it.'"

After winning the school's coveted Jack Nicholson Award on the strength of an early version of his *Rose n' the Bud* script, John was snapped up by the powerful Creative Artists Agency, an organization sometimes described as the Cosa Nostra of Hollywood. Stephenie Allen, then a script reader at Columbia Pictures, hired about Singleton and phoned his agent. After reading *Rose*, she was ecstatic. She had discovered a new black writer, and luckily he [had] the directional skills to realize [his writing] on the screen."

This new black director would not be the next Spike Lee but a filmmaker in his own right, says Allen. The irony that "a new Spike" could make for the studio was not an error, finding a young filmmaker like John was "a natural inclination. I'm black, you know what I'm saying? I went to school in Inglewood. I had to travel through South-Central. I could relate to that, I knew the people—it's close to me, you know what I'm saying?" But as Allen—now a vice-president at Columbia and recently described as the most powerful black woman in Hollywood—didn't see the cash, the other folks at Columbia did, and they jumped at the chance to invest in the lucrative black-film market. Lee had pioneered it. If Singleton succeeded, he would see recognition as a black writer like Spike, and with a twist: He'd be a member of the Columbia family, one of their own.



"WELCOME TO HEAVEN," SINGLETON Poetic Justice, STANDING BY HIS STAR, JANET JACKSON, with her flattened, pancakey, short-sloped NOSE.

THE STORY I HAVE JUST HEARD—IT IS CLOSE to the official one, the way life is for most celebrities. This tale is what I've been hearing, basically what I've been asked to say—for reporting is I can blame a scene of obligation to this publication's desire for a story, the determination of the studio to protect its assets, John's own weariness of the press. I will let you in on something. Almost no one would talk with any subtlety about John, about how he suddenly became a big director, about how he fit into the film world—that isn't a secret for the studio-magazine press. But at least enough, it only underscores the rumor about me that his kindly palladium with that color of brown and had to be in it—I am a writer, and I am a black, and this is a power that makes writers and their feelings afraid.

So I will begin again and try to imagine you finding it beyond what I've been told. There is much difficulty in finding anything conventionally interesting—John Singleton is very young and he's completed only two films. He's a former nerd. There is no serious dirt of the usual type, no really juicy revelation, just minor complaints about his incoherent head-banging, the way he's changing now that he's a big star.

Says producer Steve Norowitz, the one voice on my tape machine that manages to talk straight and be paid by John: "I think John is a lovely person. John likes to play, and it's like, the old people that he used to play with are maybe me up to his head and style now. And, yet to all the new friends he's met this young, arrogant black kid. It's one thing to visit them. Cops like on the ranch, but it's another thing to have dinner with somebody every Wednesday to hang out and be a natural down-to-earth kind of person."

This is about what you'd expect, so I won't bother you with the other details. I won't deliver any evidence of the director's childishness or the seriousness of his love life—it is too easy and so what. The real challenges come in imagining something else—beyond John's Hawaii. After tale is a gift you can count on a strange trip. As John noted, he has been placed in a wildly weird position, a place where millions can hear his voice, where millions are waiting for him to say something worth hearing. We all have opinions, but I have a voice.

Singleton is a writer with a giant audience, a position

most writers envy and, with every ounce of their souls, fear like death. They're afraid. This position appears to be the form of a wicked charm, to be a spokesperson or a writer. The studio are final, one false move and the writer is dead.

Spikepeople are elegant and sometimes noble har. Writers are explorers. The call to better the masses touches the ear of every writer but especially the black writer. I know a well, being asked to be a poster boy for the real black experience, always, named a scary monster by those few whites who consent to be any audience, being forced by them to act in life and through my work as a voice for their worst imaginations about the awful difference of "real" black life. Being asked by blackfolks to tell one of a very few black stories, whether it's by your boss, your brother, or your mother. Malcolm X's sweep at Mann's expression or by positive, straight look-alike for celebrating a black Newfound, better and better than any culture ever; the black writer today is asked to present images that satisfy black yearnings for honor, now when black life is so often drenched in precisely the opposite direction.

"The only one I have to satisfy is me," John has said, valiantly brushing back the problem. There is something to this, but his answer doesn't really address the issue.

I HAD BEEN CONSIDERING John's predicament while still in L. A., driving from the car, long before I had downed my screen writing. I thought, *dearly* *dearly* *dearly* I would the moment I took the highway back to Sunset Boulevard, felt my way along, then glided inside the Hills, they were as slick as the pages of this magazine. A warm, pink light blanketed everything, and I felt sick myself for a moment, and then the image broke and suddenly it was all gone. There was a mass of slaves, black Africans, their skin could gray their legs sat in the back and strong, behind bold to breasts, and whippers, they broke into the hills, past me.

Then as now I know this is a blackman I can draw that as a further blackman, not and in John. But I also know it wouldn't be enough to claim that John and I are the same as these coal black people, their legs sat, behind bold to breasts, and whippers, longing to parts far away from the whites. To South-Central. Things for us, any of us, in reality, are no

Women We Love

ESQUIRE HAS ALWAYS LOVED WOMEN, loved them best, loved them most, loved them unabashedly (some might say embarrassingly), loved them in ways healthy and not so. Of course, the magazine has paid attention to the national mood: Like our readers, we have responded over the years to the sea change in sexual politics and, amid the requisite anguish and introspection, learned how to behave like good boys and men. But since 1993 marks our sixtieth anniversary, it seemed that it would be a nice break to use our sixth annual



February 1941

Women We Love tribute to revisit in a spirit of innocent celebration the countless women we've loved before: from Barbara Stanwyck to Eartha Kitt to Anita Ekberg to Candice Bergen to Angie Dickinson (on this month's cover in Frank Bez's risqué 1966 photograph).

Looking through our back issues, we were



May 1938



April 1955



March 1963

Sixties starletry captured by Bert Stern and others, a brief dip into Seventies kitsch, and then a more mature (if, sadly, less slaving) view of women in the Eighties and Nineties.

We were so taken with these photographs that we asked some current women we love—actresses Halle Berry, Sarah Jessica



October 1982

Parker, Julianne Moore, Carey Lowell, Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Samantha Mathis, and Kelly Lynch—to stage tributes to the classic images and styles of Esquire's past. We've also tallied up the women we loved (and the women we didn't) from each decade of Esquire's existence, right up to the present, where we kiss off all those nattering naysayers and honor the controversial, role-shattering Hillary Rodham Clinton as our Woman of the Year for 1993

(and a few we don't)



December 1993

THE 1930S

Very few modern women either like or desire marriage, especially after the ceremony has once been performed. Primarily, women wish attention and affection. Matrimony is something they accept when there is no alternative. Really, it is a waste of time, and hazardous, to marry them.

—HELEN LAWRENSON, "IN DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAN GIGOLO," *Esquire*, JANUARY 1939



Photograph by George Harrell, *Esquire*, NOVEMBER 1937

COUNTRY LINGER

WOMAN WE
CALLED "KEEP"
FOR SEVENTEEN
THAT ARE NOW
OBSCURE
Miles Mays

BEST
ENTERTAINING
SELECTIONARY
Clare Berke Lee

CLASSY WOMEN
WHO DISCOVERED
DANCING
Georgia O'Keeffe
Blanche Bennett

SALE FOR HIGH
WOMAN
Serge Viteau

BEST AMERICAN
STYLING
Aileen Sargent
Gloria Scott

SELF DESTRUCTIVE
TEEN HEARTTHROB
Judy Garland

COOL OLDER BARE
Margaret Dumont

HOTTEST BODY PART
Anita

WHERE THE CABLE
WIRE
National Geographic

SEX BOOK THAT
CONTRIBUTED MOST
TO OUR MODERN
STANDING OF WOMEN
Dopes of Career

WOMAN WHO MET
SPORTS FIGURE
Babe Dandridge

WOMAN WE WISHED
WOULD STOP SLOWING
DOWN IN OUR PACE
Dorothy Parker

SAFETY-BUT LOANING
WOMAN
Miss Tella

BEST DRESS
Bertha Brainer



JEAN ROSS

Photograph by George Harrell,
Esquire, JUNE 1937

SCENARY CHIEF
Doris Jenkins Anderson

WOMAN WHOSE
BEST STUFF WAS LATER
APPROVED BY
MAUDSLIA
Marlene Dietrich



BARBARA STANWICK

Photograph by George Harrell,
Esquire, MARCH 1937



SARAH JESSICA PARKER

She played the fiancée in church in a long room in Vegas and safety men don't let it. A Story and the call
version. Won't somebody please take care of me and respect? We planned to have an early evening talk with her in the fashion
of legendary photographer George Harrell. When will Carol Lombard and Claudette Colbert when you've got her?

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKY SCHNEIDER



JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS

Working her way out some serious heartache, one can't help but think of the glamour she then she lends the cover of *New York's* *Elle* Plus. Still, the single Julia is a sexy, sexy, sexy girl, and she's in her element in these sultry, sexy, sexy photos.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
ALBERTO TOLOT

1940S

The new dream girl is a leather-junged, vitamin-charged boyden who tears through life with the delicacy of a bulldozer. She's as graceful as a curvaceous, as subtle as a pratfall, as languishing as a hurricane.

—NORRILL ROBINSON JR., "THE VITAMIN GIRLS," *ESQUIRE*, MAY 1946

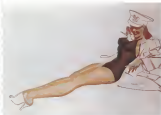


Illustration by George Frey, *ESQUIRE*, AUGUST 1944

HOTTTEST HOTTEST

Shirley Temple

WHERE THE GALS WERE

Bob Hope's *G.I. Joe*

HARDEST DOWNTOWN

HAROLD Lloyd

HOTTTEST FROG

Mary McConathy and

Lillian Hellman

SAFETY BUT LONELY

WOMAN

Reynolds Taylor

SCENARY CHANGES

Over Gernon

Maria O'Brien

COOL NEXT DOOR

Tom Brown

BEST DENT

Madame Mao

WOMAN WHO CALLED
"HARVEST FOR REASONS
THAT ARE NOW
OBSOLETE
Lena Horne

WOMAN WHO THOUGHT
WAS REALLY AUNT
HARVEST BUT LATER
REALIZED WAS WHOLELY
INCOMPREHENSIBLE
Ann Lee

ALLY FOREIGN WOMEN
Gloria Hahnemann
Edith Piaf

PACKET WOMEN
WE BACKED UP TO
Five from
Ruth Hopper



Illustration by Antonio Varga, *ESQUIRE*, DECEMBER 1945

COOL COLDS IN THE
Queen Williams of
the Netherlands
Gloria Hahnemann

TEEN HEARTTHROB
Lena Horne
Gloria Hahnemann

MOST ENTERTAINING
LEFT-WING
INTELLIGENT
Reynolds Taylor

MOST ENTERTAINING
CRAZY
ENTERTAINMENT
Ann Lee

WOMEN WHO
INTERFERED HOW
WE THOUGHT
A BOUT WOMEN
Marion Anderson
Ruth Hopper

FOR A SCENARY
CHANGES
Over Gernon
Maria O'Brien

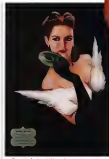


Illustration by Antonio Varga, *ESQUIRE*, JANUARY 1946



Illustration by George Frey, *ESQUIRE*, MARCH 1946

THE 1950S

For all her chic thinness, she had an almost breakfast-cereal air of health, a soap-and-lemon cleanliness, rough pink darkening on the cheeks. Her mouth was large, her nose upturned. ... It was a face beyond childhood, yet this side of belonging to a woman I thought her anywhere between sixteen and thirty; as it turned out, she was shy two months of her nineteenth birthday.

—THOMAS CAPOTE, "BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S," *ESQUIRE*, NOVEMBER 1958



AUDREY HEPBURN

Photograph by Cecil Beaton/Ed. *ESQUIRE*, January 1958



ANITA GRUBER

Photograph by André de Dure *ESQUIRE*, November 1954

WOMEN WE CALLED
WIFE FOR REASONS
THAT ARE NOW
CRUELTY

Ruby Lee
WOMAN WHO
BE DISCOVERED HOW
WE THOUGHT
ABOUT WOMEN
Cherise Jayson

TEEN HEARTTHROB
Annette Penella

CLASSY WOMAN WHO
SECRETLY PASSED
Gina Kelly

MORE ENTERTAINING
LEFT WING
INTELLECTUAL
WING LAD

SECRETLY NASTY
Sandra de Bonny
COOL, OLIVE SKINNED
Rae Anden
Rene Dore
Magnum Model

HOTTENT ROTY PART
Brook

JEREMY FOMENCO
COENSTE
Pence



KATHARINE HEPBURN

Photograph by Martin Munkacsy *ESQUIRE*, April 1951

BRIGHT FIELD
Elizabeth Taylor and
Dolores Reynolds

ERUDITE
BRAC-QUEEN
Tory Carter
Jack Lemmon
Edgar Hoover
Jean-Claude

AMY FORN
PHOTOGRAPH
Cheryl Chase Latta
Terror's daughter Julia
Judy's father's father
Jenny Simpson



HALLE BERRY

In 1950s, long hair was so sexy you could see
it under your hair. Not your hair, you know
it up in the hair of the 1950s. Not your hair,
but the hair of the 1950s. Not your hair,
but the hair of the 1950s. Not your hair,
but the hair of the 1950s.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
RENE ALVAREZ



SAMANTHA MATHEW

When she was only 17, she was in a number of movie photographs, but she never came up for serious. There were a few small roles, but she was never really taken seriously. She was in a few more, but she was never really taken seriously. She was in a few more, but she was never really taken seriously. She was in a few more, but she was never really taken seriously.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIMMY SMITH

THE 1950S

WIDEST EYES EVER

Wendy
"The Aquatic" swimming suit

Hanging out with
Peyton Fawcett

ZIPPING BUT LOVING
Norman
Morgan

SEA SYMPHONY
SOPHIE LORRAINE

WHOLE POLYMER
JACKIE TUCKER

WIDE TALKING
John Henry

SEEKING THE WIDE

PENALTY ALLOWED
TO READ THAT

CONTRIBUTED MOST
TO OUR MISUNDER-

STANDING OF WOMEN
Lady Chatterley's Lover

SCENIC CHIEFS
Anne Morgan

OLIVE SWANSON
Olive Swanson

MOST REPUBLICAN
FARMER IN STATEMENT

His Name's John Doe

REMARKABLE FUTURE



Photograph by Philippe Halmon, August 1955, Paris, 1955

GIRL NEXT DOOR

Doris Day

MOST FUN MOTHER

DAUGHTER, DOD
Queen Mary and
Queen Elizabeth

WOMAN WHOSE
BEST STUFF WAS LATER

ATTRIBUTED BY
HOLLYWOOD
Marilyn Monroe

WOMAN WHO GAVE
TELL IT FIRST

Edna Stuebel
Edna Stuebel

Sylvia Plath

BEST INVENTION

Thomas Edison

BEST DEBUT

John Doe

WOMAN MOST LIKELY
TO DIE IN A TRAGIC

REPERCUSSION
ACCIDENT

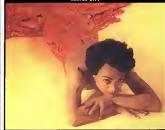
Best Person
Best Person

SEXIST ACTRESS
WHICH NAME

MADE HER SOUND
LIKE AN OLD

THINKER
Cecil DeMille

CARTON KITT



Photograph by Philippe Halmon, August 1955, Paris, 1955

JANET LION



Photograph by Philippe Halmon, August 1955, Paris, 1955

THE 1960s

In the fine old American tradition of conformity, society has begun to make it as rough for virgins and women content to be housewives as it once did for those who had affairs before marriage and worked afterward. Chaste girls feel "out of it," and women are apologetic for being "only housewives."

The whole situation is as ludicrous and in need of remedy as the one that put a scarlet A on Hester.

—GLORIA STEINEM, "THIS MORAL DISARMAMENT OF BETTY CO-ED," *Esquire*, September 1962

PAUL ROBESON



Photograph by Jerry Schatzberg, *Esquire*, December 1961

WOMEN WE CALLED
"MOM" FOR MEN
THAT ARE NOW
CRIMINALS
Diana Ross

WILKINSON
BILLY GILISH
Holly Woodlawn

BILLY FOREIGN WOMEN
Tina Turner
Claudia
Capitaine

BILLY AMERICAN MEN
Linda McCartney

WOMEN WHO MADE
US WANT TO COMMIT
SUICIDE BUT IN A
GOOD WAY
Minnie Driver

FIRST AND DEEPEST
FABULOUS FORTUNATE
CONTACT WOMAN
Jane Fonda

MOST ENTERTAINING
LOVE-RYING
INTELLECTUAL
Susan Sarandon

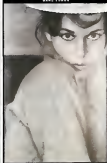
INTELLECTUAL WOMEN
CONCERNED ABOUT
GAY RIGHTS
THREE RESISTANCE
Hannah Arendt
Rachel Carson

THREE RESISTANCE
Barbra Streisand

WOMEN WHO
REDEFINED HOW
WE THOUGHT
ABOUT WOMEN
Betty Friedan

CLASSY WOMEN WHO
SECRETLY PARTIED
Marianne Collins

JANE FONDA



Photograph by David Laizer, *Esquire*, January 1969

SEX BOOTS THAT
CONTRIBUTED MOST
TO OUR WIGWAGS
STANDING OF WOMEN
Sex and the Single Girl
Shirley Chisholm

OUR FAVORITE
Star Line

CLASSY WOMEN WHO
PUBLICLY PARTIED
Babe Riley
Shirley Kline
REBECCA POKER
COLLETTES
Sunlight
Baby

CATHERINE DREDAKE



Photograph by Jerry Schatzberg, *Esquire*, April 1971

JULIANNE MOORE

You ask, "What?" But you'll be saying, "What?" after you see her strange, some say, "disruptive" in Robert Altman's *Interiors*. Moore, 30, with the best of both worlds for a while (she is working in *All About Eve*). More Moore, all things considered, is a new heroine in the hands of our screen legends.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
CATHERINE WEINER



CAREY LOWELL

Not far away from the sex appeal of this cropped, downy, fresh, scrumptious beauty there, the model former blond and budding actress she stars in the canceled TV series, *A League of Their Own* (she wears her heart around her neck in tribute to the flirty love styling of *For Saxes*) (far right)

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT STEIN

TRIBUTE MAGAZINE

THE 1960s



Photographs by Bert Stern, Requirer, December 1960

RAFTING RIT LOVABLE
NORMAN
Cass Elliot
Phyllis Diller

COOL-GIRL BANGS
Anne Bancroft
Madeline Telford

HOTTEST NOSE PAIR
Beverly Hills

SCENERY CHANGERS
Gloria Jackson
Linda Gray

BEST DEBUTS
Doris Seltzer
Thelma Houston
Lulu

HEAVILY HIT SONGS
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
WENDY GOLFERS
Billie Jean King
Diana de Vries

HIGHEST DOWNTOWN
FLORIAN
Nico

HIGHEST DOWNTOWN
HARVEY KARPIS
GARY COOK
Joni Mitchell

SACRILEGIOUS WATCH
The Sports Illustrated
Summer issue
Judith Campbell Foster

ALMOST INSTANTLY
DATED
Sergey
Gerasimov

WOMAN WHO
FREQUENTLY ONCE
WENT OUT WITH
FORMER EDUCATION
SECRETARY BILL
KENNETT
Jean Seberg

WHERE THE GIRLS WERE
The Pillbox

GROOMING WALL
CHICK
Orville Hume

MOST ENTERTAINING
REACTIONARY
PROPAGANDIST
Kary Smith

CATFISH
John Warner
Phyllis Diller

SHIRT SLAP TOOTHED
APPROXIMATE
FRONT SINCE
KARL LUDWIG
Angie Davis

THE 1990s

Many of you are astonished—half-disgusted, half-elated—to discover that we women still actually want you anyway. Not for your paychecks but for your company, for the sex, for the laughs. "You mean I don't have to chop it, fuck it, burn it, beat it or squash, or prorate it for cost-effectiveness?"

That's right, dude—just look after it. And welcome to the human race.

—NAOMI WOLF, *Esquire*, OCTOBER 1991

SHORT ENDS BEARING LEFT WING
INTELLECTUALS
Sam Peckinpah
Anita Loos

RIGHT ENTREPRENEURS
ACHTUNG! AGITATION
Mary McLeod

SLUTTY FOREIGN WOMAN
Cocaine

STILL AMERICAN ENTRY
La Rye Jackson

GRANDVIZIT MALL
CHICK
Tim Spelling

INTELLECTUAL WOMAN
CONSCIENTIOUS
GUY QUOTE A GUY
TO PROVE THEIR
SEXUALITY
Anna Hill

HOTTTEST GEMSTONE
EXOTIC
Cindy Crawford

BECKTEST PRIDE
Madonna and
Sandra Bernhard
Mia Farrow and
Sean W. Penn

BEST DEBUT
Brad Pitt

TEEN HEARTTHROBS
The New Kids

COOL OLDER BARS
Laurie Harris
Celine Dion

COOL OLDER BARS
AND COUNTRY LAW
THE PICTURE: OVIDES
COVER CHICK
Ange Dickinson

COOL POLITICALLY
CONSCIOUS OLDER BARS
Sean Scully

SCARY BUT COOL
OLDER BARS
Marilyn Sewart

HOTTTEST BODY PART
Butt

JELANTY
Amy Fisher

ACQUAINTANCE
Emma Thompson

PARADIGMATIC
DEAD-CLIPPING
Ruffalo

Joe Davidson

RAFTED BUT DRAGLE
Woman

LOVABLE OVERHEARD
WOMEN ON THE
MODEL INDUSTRY'S
LATEST EFFORT TO
HUMILIATE THE
AMERICAN WOMAN

Kim Mims

Students

NAMED BUT BODY
SPORTS FOLLIES WHO
ABOUT SCOUTS

Robert Roberts

Paula Abdul

Christina Applegate

Mad Child

Donkeyman

Sharon Doherty

Christina Applegate

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE
New City South Beach

Where the Girls Are

Bestest DOWNTOWN
HAVIT
Kim Gordon

BACKLASH SWITCH
The Empress of the

WOMEN WHO GIVE
TELL IT HER
Dorinda

Wendy Williams

John F. Kennedy

WOMAN WHO
BEST STUFF WAS
APPROPRIATED BY
MADONNA
Susan Sarandon

WOMAN WHO
APPROPRIATED
MADONNA'S BEST
STUFF
Candice Ryle

PROOF THAT
ANGELAS EXISTENCE
AND A WELL
BALANCED DIET
ARE THAT OF A
HEALTHY LIFESTYLE
Whitney Houston

Rita Ora

WOMAN WHO HAS
FEEL ONE DAY THAT
LIFE IS BETTER
TRAGIC AFTER ALL
Nicola Pietrangeli

WOMAN WHO
WILL ONE DAY GET
TO KEEP HER
CLOSER ON IN
A WOMAN
Demi Moore

WOMAN WE'RE STILL
WAITING TO HEAR
FROM ON THE
SCREAM QUESTION
Linda Ronstadt

Theresa

HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

THERE MAY COME A TIME—tick-tock, tick-tock—when Hillary Rodham Clinton will be dubbed the most unpopular woman in America. It's inevitable, partly because many Americans stand housewifely against exactly what the First Lady is for (and boy does that middle name grate). But it is also inevitable because Clinton is the first genuinely revolutionary major female American political figure since Eleanor Roosevelt. In our flabby political and intellectual culture, we are unused to people with substantive, fearlessly articulated—or even, gasp, progressive—ideas that have not been watered down for general consumption (look what happened to Robert Bork and Lam Guerdner). But when the hysteria settles, we may find that she has left this country irrevocably changed for the better (we hope). So ask yourself this question: Why are you afraid of the Hillary Monster?

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERTO LACORDE



WHOSE HILLARY IS SHE, ANYWAY?

I LAUGH POLITELY each time I hear another rendering of the classic Hillary joke. Bill and Hillary are out for a drive, and they pull into a gas station. As the attendant shambles over, Hillary turns to Bill, and confides, "I said to date that guy" Bill pulls himself up and says, "If you'd married him, you'd be stuck here instead of being married to the President of the United States." Hillary shakes her head: "No, if I had married him, he'd be President." But, in truth, I have never viewed Hillary as a power mad strong puller, the puppeteer to Bill Clinton's Howdy Doody.

Mistake no mistake, even among those in the administration who know her well, the name Hillary invokes a certain respect, a ray of danger, a hint of the defiance that might be owed, say, a Michel in nineteenth-century Florence. Charting with a top level in some policy-making, I represent the standard lesson that the Clinton staff was too soft, too amiable, devoid of anyone to play the enforcer. "That's Hillary's role," he replied as if making powerful men to quivering quakes of propitiation were inherent in the job description of a first lady. But is that concept true or just a convenient window into the house of highly placed but insecure men?

The media's Hillary-as-lesbian rumors—passed around like antique platters at banquets in Washington and New York—belong in the same category. I mention the rumors reluctantly, because I don't believe a word of them. I must voice like those of a close high school friend of Hillary's, who recalls, "She took a certain lusty pleasure in her relationship

with Bill. She had an active, heterosexual existence." No when fascination me to the obvious psychosocial release that accompanies the Hillary slander mongering. There is something about Hillary's role that attracts easy male put-downs, even among liberal, baby boomers who should know better. And certain women have their own problems with Hillary—the sneering "Who cloned her?" question—but these, of course, stem mostly from differing impressions of femininity, not from gas-wrenching threats to male self-esteem.

"It's a Korschach test," Hillary told me during a recent interview in the White House library. She's right. Despite being one of the most touchingly overexposed figures of our time, Hillary Rodham Clinton is not a person as largely unknown. We look at her voice on television and imagine covers—and we see what we want to see. A member of Hillary's friends used the heavy five-bladed—and-as-deplorable metaphor to describe their frustration with media portraits of the First Lady—the fact may even be accurate, but the measure of her personality are grossly exaggerated. She entered the national consciousness as a concubine and has become a cartoon. Recall all the bizarre ovals and odd lurches of her public persona in the last eighteen months. Most Americans first saw Hillary on 60 Minutes in the wake of the General Powell debate when she came across as a cynical indulging the notion that she was a Tammy Wynette, "Bound by Your Man," darling. She was reunited after the milk-and-cookies flap when it seemed that she was relishing step-by-step means. By the time of the

Is she the radical feminist who bows to no man and sets her own agenda? The humorless workaholic with a mind like a cyclotron? The power-mad Rasputin with one foot on her husband's neck and the other on Chelsea's social schedule?

None of the above.



Media Image-1
wife, mother, journalist

Democratic convention, the official Hillary makeover was complete—now it was all loving wife and devoted mother, as if her legal career had been just so many Little Rock Tupperware parties. With Hillary as First Lady, the media schizophrenia has reached drastic proportions. Typical was a doting Kate Gosselin special that played up a housewife Hillary who worried about rug stains in the Lincoln bedroom, whether to let Chelsea practice, and reworking health care. This Hillary evoked Katharine Hepburn in *Women of the Year* look cartoon. Then came Hillary the Thinker, the Religious Searcher—the Protestant incarnation of Barbie. Increased in time's victory mud-wrestling with Tillich and Niebuhr as the gropes to define "the politics of meaning." The apogee came with *The New York Times Magazine* portraying her as Saint Hillary. Immediately sparking a hot debate about whether the time for the first time in history was being ironic) quipping after "a unified field theory" of our times. And, just, on the seventh day the mood.

Granted, it's not easy to decipher Hillary, since her handlers safeguard her privacy as if she were in the Federal Witness Protection Program. (Oh, another joke. Why does the Secret Service guard Hillary so closely? Because if anything happens to her, Bill becomes President.) She grants only the occa-



Media Image-2
wife, mother, journalist

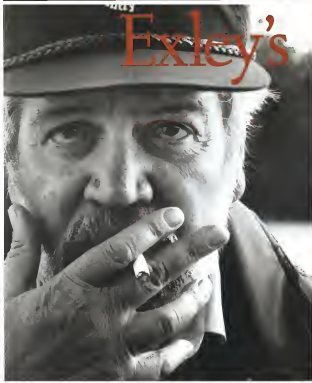
sional interviews, and there are no provisions for press to accompany her when she travels. "It's like covering Roseanne," a newspaper reporter grumped while Hillary gave a bland commencement address at the University of Pennsylvania. "We're not receiving access," means Lisa Caputo, Hillary's press secretary. "This is a woman who has conventional demands on her schedule." True enough, in addition to her policy work, she insists on choosing the suppliers for White House dinners. But there is also a measure, a reserve, to Hillary's hidden sense of privacy that may date back to her need to maintain a public face in Arkansas during the time of troubles in the Clinton marriage. "I don't think what she's labeled or called matters to Hillary," and her close friend Diane Blair, a political scientist at the University of Arkansas, "Not one thousandth of her time is spent worrying about what people think of her."

Maybe not, but what then are we to make of the First Lady? Her public virtues are genuine—intelligence, discretion, grace, and a willingness to make the right enemies. In private, she frequently rails against Washington, using the phrase "this town" as an epithet, and you want to cheer her on as her righteous in-

Illustrated by Ellen F. Cohen

Exley's

Last Notes



IN THE SPRING OF 1991 Frederick Exley called *Esquire* to say that he had just been diagnosed with inoperable lung cancer and that he probably had only six weeks to live. He was racing to finish a new book, his first fiction since completing the trilogy that began with *A Fan's Notes*. Exley promised to send the magazine a few pages "as soon as I get the fucking French right." As usual, Exley took his time, living and dying with his customary irony and courage as the six weeks became a year, and he finally died not of cancer but of a massive stroke in June 1992, before he'd had a chance to send the magazine those pages. When, months later, they finally arrived via his longtime book editor, Robert Loomis, it was gratifying to see that not only was this a compelling literary artifact but indeed Exley, true to his word, had gotten the French right.

ON AUGUST 15, 1991, my late friend Addison "Ad" Beaudine celebrated his fifty-first birthday by lighting a Camel around his country-suit-foot air skiff. Hilarious, something he never did in front of a fishing party. Then Ad would light a Camel in lieu of rolling his own—but father, Fred, who had guided the river for thirty years before Ad was born, had taught Ad that the fishermen who came to fish took this for quaint rusticity—indicated that he had already surrendered to what he was sure his fate would be.

Ad was right. Five days later his father-in-law, the thoracic surgeon Sam Grigor, came to the river on the pretense of fishing and, using his granddaughters and, should Hilde, even as he fought a thirty-six northern, told Ad of the unlikelihood of his seeing fifty-two. When (to no surprise on Sam's part) Ad denied the suggestion of retirement or

chemotherapy—saying he'd read enough about lung cancer to know his chances were only one in twenty, even if his own doctors were open-minded—told him that, under the circumstances, he had no chance at all of seeing his son's birthday.

Ad asked them not to tell anyone else in their family about the cancer, and he himself wished not to let anyone else know—except for me, *Author*, as he called me, for he knew he would have to ask me to help him get morphine for the pain before it was over.

Ad wore off the water that afternoon as rain to chase, came to go to the Duck Side to drink and make yams with the other guides, all of whom, like Ad, had been born and raised on the river. For a moment he thought of going back home and upstairs to look in on his wife, Louise. But he abandoned the idea. She would still be embarrassed. Tomorrow, because her father was coming to fish with Ad—Louise did not know the real reason for Sam's visit—she had joined Ad at the table in quarters to us, looking for all the world as if she'd been up since midnight practicing her dutiful wife-and-mother role. As indeed, she probably had.

"Good morning, Ad," she had said.

The final days of a honeymoon here. An impressionist Frederick Exley visiting dealer-captain, as usual, Alexander Roy. New York 1980.

Fiction by Frederick Exley

The Last Notes of Frederick Exley

Ad smiled and nodded in response. Had he choked her by saying, "Will women never exist?" Louise would have screamed and thrown a fit, perhaps even slapped his face, which she had done four or five times in the past year.

Louise had worn a Levi's suit, a minuscule-looking blue-and-white candy-striped blouse with a button down collar, and a pair of wide gold earrings. Her naturally blond hair now cut in a pageboy was immaculately brushed; her face shone from scrubbing the soot soot out of her hair. Louise made a habit about once a month of coloring her eyebrows, and in her early thirties, most, consequently, the scrubby red hair that she had dyed by dyeing them for dinner. The last time she had appeared her face had been so plastered with powder make-up, in an attempt to cover her acne-prone complexion, that Ad had pointed out that her skin was still acne-prone despite her recent *conferences*—an though she'd stayed in his room the last two weeks instead of the last five years—and that her powdered face made her look ill when she was obviously covering the opposite effect. Louise had risen from her end of the table, walked with great solemnity down to Ad's end—her head shaking back and forth, the curls of the ponytail slipping at her necked cheeks—and moaned like, hnn, when the last, and told Louise that she should be taking her trip upstairs after all. As she shook her good eye, Ad saw his youngest daughter, Samantha, arch out her tongue after her mother stuck it out in the moon, wretchedly hateful way. All Ad had said was, "Sore, please."

Monday, knowing she'd be down to greet her father (Louise called him Dr. Grigor), Ad had poured her a half pint of coffee and put out her new sugar and heavy cream before hand. As she sat down she said, "I suppose you and Dr. Grigor will want your usual post-meal treat."

Louise hadn't prepared a meal in five years, not since Samantha first evidenced illness and began her passage through puberty.

"Your dad and something about sitting to no dinner," Ad said as his father-in-law came through the back door, shouting, "Am they out there, Ad?"

"They are out there. For the post of lunch." Ad laughed and added, "It also helps if a guy can fish. And you can do that, old man. You can do that."

Ad heard Louise mutter, "Joan."

When they finished the powdered eggs Ad had prepared (feeding them, as, Ad always made breakfast) and Ad and his father-in-law were going out the door, Louise said, "Are you sure you granddaddy don't want post-meal treat?"

AND WHO WHO KNOW Ad Beaudine in his daughters knew him whooped the ground he walked on loved him beyond bearing—doubtless one of the reasons for Louise's willing self-reproach made her more, that her girl could love a fishing guide so much more than her, the Conservative, Cornhill-club daughter of one of the country's top thoracic surgeons. In anyone who knew Ad Beaudine in his daughters knew him, would not have recognized him between the hours of 3:00 and 5:00 in the Dock Side, nursing V.O. and tall wicker

and talking with his friends. The fishing guide? Dock Side was a world of wicker macho, short-collared, open equally among blue-liner words, sea, fish, and sports talk, though in front of his daughters Ad was increasingly scrupulous about speaking in complete, grammatically correct sentences, whether in English or French.

It wasn't to much that the other guides didn't know how bright Ad was. Tommy Paris, for example, had been his classmate at the central school and told him that he had once heard Ad, Sullivan, their senior-year English teacher, tell Ad that his dad's worked in hard in being one of the guys, purposely missing questions on questions "you can be as inadequate as your chair," Ad would have been, valiantly (or not) that Ad had scored so high on his SATs a man he to which his classmates were proud, that the score still stood as the highest score recorded locally. No Tommy and the other guides knew how sharp Ad was, though they loved him for being one of their own.

It was at the Dock Side that Ad seemed the macho expression that landed him a drop that with his daughters, St. Anne, Nicole, and Samantha, an expression the other guides, cherished and repeated for and with which was Ad's claim to have passed his life: "Sleep-in in town here." What Ad had meant was that he hadn't been covered and Paul, his father, was fifty, his mother, forty, and five sisters had preceded him, so that he was born into a world of cheating, juggling, adoring families, and he was (it might add) impressively spoiled by them. One of the guides must have stayed too long in the Dock Side before that and a supper repeated the expression to one of Ad's daughters' classmates, and the story found its way back to the girls.

So when Ad got home after about 5:00 the next night, he found his daughters in tears. Ad did not have to ask the problem. On either side of his kitchen chair were two large grocery bags. The girls had snuffed them with crumpled newspapers, atop which they had literally speckled black ink, clippings from his younger journal, *Duchess*. Ad took the bags into the backyard and burned them in the under-black grill he'd fashioned for cocktails. As supper Ad said, "I'm sorry, girls. I'll never say anything like that again." Nothing like love and belief, and nothing out and after all the very end of the meal, when Louise said very firmly by "Ad," I know that Dock Side world of yours," to which Nicole and Samantha chorused, "Amen." Then the girls left the room, leaving Ad to the dishes as person.

HIS DAUGHTERS were so much of the village. It wasn't so much that they were beautiful, beautifully so, and well-bred. They also seemed so bright—too, purposely missing the question for their father, who had just complained her Richman year at St. Lawrence University, where she had gone on full academic scholarship, had been Ad's confident and adequate for five years, between the ages of eleven and sixteen, and though Ad would pretend to Louise that he'd not idea what a charming woman he had become, she had not been exactly true after a

certain incident that occurred when the girl was fifteen.

The summer before Louise was to enter her junior year at school, the impression had been recently his, with half Ad's parties clamoring for a swim by a sea, and in fairness Ad hadn't been aware of Louise's absence, but he'd heard Doc Rinkel, his wife, and his two teenage sons.

Sidney Rinkel, Ph.D., was a professor of biochemistry in Amherst and rarely the best fishermen Ad had ever guided, but this was the first time Ad met Doc's wife and sons. Obviously Doc came shore, caught the fish, killed them if they were big enough—Ad dutifully laughed at this—and returned them to the river. Doc's family, though, wanted all the sometimes, including the shore dinner. They had kept four good fish northwards and a half-dozen bass, all caught by Doc on the day before. As usual, a half-hour before Ad was scheduled to start to fish, the cook's grill and picnic table, Doc asked Ad to find a place out of the current where his wife and sons could wait.

"Nah," Louise had said, taking off her Levi's shorts and then showed Harvard sweatshirt to reveal an expensive orange-and-green bikini, which had an intriguing effect on Doc's sons. Ad was boiling the water for the picnic corn, preparing the fish fillets and house fish to be cooked in bacon and butter, when he noticed Doc's sons wandering around the grass, self-consciously panting one another, giggling and building like usual.

"What's with them?" Ad had asked Doc.

"They're madly, oh, passionately in love with my buddy, Louise. As who the hell wouldn't be at their age?"

As supper that night, after their day on the river, Ad told Louise to get a one-piece swimsuit with a silver effect, like his mother's.

"Joan," Louise said, to which Nicole and Samantha chimed hypocritical giggles. The next time a party went swimming, Louise removed her shorts and swimwear to reveal a deep-sea black tank with a Red Cross emblem. Ad supposed that as her father, she should tell me he had always felt these tank suits were more revealing and, in their case, more than before.

IT WAS THE LEAST demonstrative of men, and though he would often embrace and kiss his mother on the mouth, his affection for his father was limited to merely handshakes. His entire sloppy existence was met with dry smiles and the farthest breaking of his cheeks on their cheeks. So overbearing was their love for her that he had never had much choice but to reciprocate that love by pretending to be the rather glibly content that most men (they had assumed) he was.

It was fortunate that none of his sisters was capable of a conversation that the dad's eventually being round to Ad. Even after they married and were living in Watkinson, they returned with their spouses on Sundays and brought the talk round to Ad. Fortunately for Ad, who, in an adolescent town, wasn't yet fully into the ways of the world, his sisters' (should) laughter caused him to believe that conversations of a girl's behavior.

Although it is a given that we all think so many times a minute, the sisters read a half dozen or more blinks on a girl's past in a repressed and casual posture of Ad. They could, even sense, on a fully clothed dinner of Ad's the mounds of

her breasts teasing and heaving so lasciviously that she was obviously—or at least obviously to them—enraging. Ad between her, faintly giggling, thighs in the thrust that became, "the little bit." If a girl owned a natural expression of enthusiasm and bewilderment and a good deal of the effort of Ad, they said it was plain as government that the symptoms that Louise was wearing her knickers just thinking of him. And was it to that girl who, when talking of Ad, was her first young lady more than three times—she knew damn well "what that horny little bitch wanted in her mouth."

Much of what the sisters imagined was true. Once, for example, when in Ad's store a girl named Pamela was performing fillets on her, he decided to shame her by getting her to admit how enthusiastic she was about her ministrations.

"The last cut, did it hurt, Pamela?"

"Like cutting Pamela, cut, really disgusting. Ad. I love rock. I worship rock!"

Pamela, as Ad described her, seemed to me like the girl in August March who in her very young brings along her own cheering section, and if to the possible damage of the mother I have chosen to tell this story I have a reason.

A few years before Louise had taken to her bedroom, she had persuaded Ad to go to the Carter Dome in Syracuse to see a world-famous example, Jimmy Stewart or one of these stars. The example's son had been about the nervous relationship between Louise and her, and Ad would now tell me he knew it was true. Prior to learning he was dying, Ad said, it would have been useless of him to have a drink at the Dock Side before a son, but on learning of his condition he found himself having a double briefly before leaving the house mornings and throughout the day, stopping on the whiskey he kept around for fishing games. Ad said not that though he hadn't thought of Pamela for years, with this constant whisky glow he could not get her from his mind, often masturbating to her name two or three times a day since ever looking himself in the head in the Helene and finding himself when watching parties on television on deck called for her.

"Is this different, Arthur?"

"No, Ad." I said him, "No different. Publicly maybe. Certainly not. But for all of that on affirmation of life."

THERE HAD BEEN FISH of the Orangeness, rising high up above the jerry on that Hot Edgewood's open veranda, drinking vodka and tomato juice from plastic cups. It was 9:00 a.m., the temperature 38 degrees, the recently begun morning. Ad and Louise had been waiting on the dock about Helene since 7:00. As it so the first of the Orangeness had appeared, his hair uncombed, his eyes bloodshot, and told Ad they'd had "a full night of damnation," that they were in the process of showering and shaving, after which they were going to have a couple of Bloody Marys to get their heads started.

"We'll expect to fish longer than two," he said.

Had the men apologized for already leaving Ad and St. Anne waiting on boats, Ad might have agreed. As the men hadn't apologized, Ad said, "You contracted me for seven this morning. This stuff comes off the river is over 30. If you want to drink vodka till noon, run out and dampen your hair, Helene will still be back by two."

"Shitty attitude," the men had said, walking away. None of them was seen again until [revised on page 10]

ATTITUDE



COWBOYS

PELVIC THRUST. "Hurt me!" Pelvic thrust. "Hurt me!" Pelvic thrust. "Harder!" Pelvic thrust. "Harder!" A hundred hoarse voices yell the chant in unison. "Hurt"—thrust—"me!" "Hurt"—thrust—"me!" Step, step. "Hurt"—thrust—"der!" "Hurt"—thrust—"der!"

A dozen cowboys in the front row thrust harder, kick higher, dip lower, and spin faster than any of the other dancers. They aren't even doing the same steps as the other cowboys and cowgirls on the floor. They somehow put more into every move. They are running on some kind of jacked-up, heel-stompin' energy.

These cowboys have been dancing together for so long—at an L. A. saloon called *Denim & Diamonds*—that they have made up their own moves and even named them too.

"Rodeo!" yells a cowboy named Geoffrey.

And a dozen cowboys kick high and then drop to the floor with one leg stretched out in front and the other bent at the knee and crooked behind. They lean back and hold their hats high in the air as if they were riding bucking broncos. Then they bounce back up again.

"Ride 'em low!" shouts Geoffrey.

And the dozen cowboys do a low grind. The rocking hip motion is so sexy that cowgirls sometimes come up and stick dollar bills in their Wranglers.

"Attitude!" calls Geoffrey.

And a dozen cowboys stop dancing and strike a pose for the next eight beats. These attitude cowboys jam their thumbs into their belts on either side of their big buckles and stare off into space. Cowboy cool.

At D & D, the dance floor is elevated a couple of feet, like a stage. The up-front dancers are definitely stars. And to star in this show you don't have to go to

BY AARON LATNAM

**America's
Search
for
True Grit,
Part II:**

**The sequel leads
a new generation
of pilgrims to...
the dance floor**

How the West was won: At *Denim & Diamonds*, if you don't know the steps, stay back.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID STRICE

ESQUIRE 93

A NIGHT AT DENIM & DIAMONDS

The faces of the new Old West

IS IT SIMPLY end-of-millennium nervousness that makes cowboy ways so appealing right now? Could be, but maybe it's that everyone is just plain handsomer in a black Seson. These portraits were taken on May 26 at Denim & Diamonds, Santa Monica



Pamela Blakes, singing her love life



Geovane Francisco and Enriquez-Experta



"Chris Clark country" best they don't, teamed by Kristin Clark (left) and Kristin Clark



Bruce L. Thomas, striking a pose



Cameron Pylant and Marlene Wilson



Kristin Clark in his lecture shirt



Debbie Dupres and Greg Rocco



Garden-glove magnate Sandra "Sam" Salame

Bendley's. She even switched her radio station from top 40 to KGLA, a country in one of the biggest cities in the world. "It makes you feel good," she explains. "Heavy metal makes me nervous. Rap makes me think I'm going to get killed, or I'm going to kill somebody."

THE BALLAD OF KRIS AND CHRIS

AT DENIM & DIAMONDS, Kristin and her girlfriend used to hang out around Chris Clark's disk jockey career—along with a small herd of women-to-remain songs. One evening Chris complimented Kristin on her perfume. She let him smell her wrist. It was electricity.

Soon Chris was teaching Kris the hornpipe, a graceful and romantic dance for couples. He would put on a CD, rub out onto the dance floor to dance with her, and then run back to his booth before the song ended.

Since he had to keep shanking back and forth between the dance floor and the deep booth, Chris and Kris never got to do more than half a dance together. After several nights of this dancing intermission, she was making progress with the steps, and he thought he was making progress with her. But then the crowd disappeared. Chris was worried. Was she at some other club, dancing the hornpipe with somebody else?

Actually, Kristin was in Riverbank doing her comedy act in a tavern that requires a police permit to dance. "I was trapped in a fool's nightmare," she recalls. She missed her cowboy but, her favorite cowboy dancer—and his dancing cowboy. She remembered thinking, "Oh, no, I'm in trouble. I was here, and now I'm not going anywhere."

When she got back to the club, Kris danced the graceful hornpipe with Chris and fell back home again. She couldn't quite bring herself to admit that she had missed him, so she just told him that she had missed the dancing.

Chris sensed something—call it a sixth sense in the honky-tonk night—and knew danger was near. He didn't need another woman in his life. After all, he already had a live-in girlfriend, to say nothing of the crowd's horns that flooded around him every night in D & D.

But in spite of himself, Chris soon found himself telling his dance partner all about the problems he was having with his live-in mate. (He had met her in D & D too.) Kris offered Chris some advice: If you're unhappy, move out.

Chris did just that. He packed and moved out so fast that not only didn't he know where he was going to live, he didn't even know where he was going to spend the night.

While he searched for a regular shift at D & D, Chris asked around to see if any body had a spare couch for the night that Kris had other plans.

After midnight, when the customers had thinned out, Kris took a break in the parking lot. Kris followed him out and they were deep in conversation when they noticed that the big neon Denim & Diamonds sign was on fire. Smoke was billowing up into the night sky.

They ignored it for a while, then decided they had better call somebody. So they were inside and spread the alarm. Customers, bartender, waitress, and the manager came pouring out of the club.

Chris and Kris simply withdrew to her car, where they continued their deep conversation as if nothing unusual were happening. While fire fighters did battle with the burning sign, the sign lit him. "Would you like to come over to my place and watch the flames the flames?" she said. "You can sleep on my couch."

To this day Chris still hasn't seen that movie.

Chris moved in with Kris, and the couple's supply in a sense of it until they got engaged. "That's when the trouble started. The troublemaker was our owner, the pastor Rob Scribner of the Lighthouse Church. He broke up their happy home, at least for a while. When they informed him that they were planning to get married and wanted him to perform the ceremony, he asked them some blank. Are you sleeping together?"

Since cowboys and cowgirls are supposed to be forthright and honest, they admitted they were. The preacher suddenly disappeared. He told them he wouldn't perform. (Continued on page 112)



A man does not want his woman out on the dance floor looking better with another man than she does with him," says one cowboy. "Man have big eggs."

Ten Great Ideas for Fall from America's Leading Designers

From formal wear to sportswear—and everything in between—American designers are exploring new directions in fabric and style and improving on a few classic ideas as well. Just call it the American way.



RALPH LAUREN

The Deluxe Tux

INSTEAD OF TRYING to one-up the innate elegance of a dinner jacket with, say, a wacky bow tie or a feisty waistcoat, why not try topping it off with a smart topcoat? Ralph Lauren's variation on the coachman's jacket, complete with black velvet collar, allows a man to make an impressive entrance and exit—the horse is optional.

Left: Black double-breasted wool "mink" shawl collar shirt, black silk bow tie, and white linen pocket square. Right: Red cashmere sportcoat, black double-breasted wool tuxedo with shawl collar, white shirt, and black silk bow tie.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DICK HATSTEON



JHANY BARNES

The Knit Suit

WITH ALL THE leaps being made in fabric technology, about the only thing that clothes can't do is take themselves to the dry cleaner's. Jhany Barnes's wool leno suit gives you the freedom to work or play and never feel restricted. Best of all is the way it packs for travel—or airports, actually—virtually wrinkle free.

Left: Charcoal wool knit sport jacket, charcoal and lime tuxedo, and charcoal wool polo shirt, black leather lace-up boots by Charles Jordan. Right: Black four-button wool sport jacket, black and charcoal 200-pile shirt, black leather lace-up boots by Pirelli Roversi, socks by Dinos.

TOMMY HILFGER

In the Navy

FEW STYLES OF DRESS are as American as military-inspired clothing, beginning with the famed jacket in World War II right up through the khaki fatigues of Desert Storm. This season, Tommy Hilfiger salutes pea coats, duffle coats, melton pants, and other Navy garb that is enjoying yet another tour.

Left: Navy melton pea coat, cream cashmere beret, and navy wool flared trousers. Center: Navy melton duffle coat, cream wool sweater, and navy wool flared trousers. Right: Navy cashmere sweater and navy wool-flared trousers. Black leather shoes by Carolina Shoe Company and hats by New York Mac & Co.



MICHAEL KORS

The Bathrobe Coat

IMAGINE IF YOUR bathrobe came in an exuberantly plush wool—all you'd have to do is throw it on, belt it casually, and go. Michael Kors says bags just the answer: an oversized, thick-shouldered, generously cut, and quite long. Just remember to check for shaving cream behind the ears.

Daniel hat, coat and charcoal knit-and-go by trademark given by Kors.



NAUTICA BY DAVID CHU

The Sportsman's Vest

NO DOUBT THE VEST IS AN INTEGRAL accessory for fall, it keeps a sport jacket from becoming too dressy, and sometimes it can simply replace one. Nautica's life preserver-like vest is yet another reminder of how rugged sportswear has crept its way into the realm of tailored clothing.

Vest shown here and Men's: navy cotton surfcoat, navy cotton suit, and charcoal and flannel trousers; black leather boots by Mo Nô; charcoal and heaving cap by Kangol.



JOSEPH ABBODD

The Long Overcoat

FOR SEVERAL SEASONS the three-quarter-length overcoat enjoyed its time in the winter sun, but now the long overcoat is making a strong comeback. Joseph Abboud's cream-colored version proves that light colors are meant not only for summer. And the new vest affords the same mobility as a shorter coat.

Suit and vest and gray overcoat shown here made especially for J. Abboud; pants by Pirella.



DONNA KARAN

Leather Perfect

IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE to imagine a man's wardrobe without at least one leather garment (shoes, belts, and gloves don't count). Motorcycle jackets are obvious. Leather pants can be a bit too much. But a supple leather overcoat or even Donna Karan's leather vest paired with a suit can give some edge to tailored clothing.

Left: Black four-button leather coat, black wool-mesh cardigan, black cotton-and-wool trousers, and black wool hat, black dress shoes by Clarks of England. Right: Brown single-breasted wool suit, brown zip-front leather vest, black wool-mesh cardigan, and black suede lace-up shoes from black wool cap by New York Hat Br-Cap Co.



ALEXANDER JULIAN

The Shirt Jacket

WHETHER YOU THINK of it as wearing two shirts or two jackets, a shirt jacket is a unique way to get more mileage out of your wardrobe. Besides, why not look polished even after you take off your jacket? Alexander Julian's shirt jacket (more of a shirt, really, than a jacket) looks like something you'd expect Gary Cooper to wear. Or a very slacker Woodstock.

Change your shirt jacket into wool-travel shirt jacket, then purple shirt, great cardigan sweater, charcoal plaid vest for mid-morning, and pullover sweater.

The Oversize Sweater

FOR MEN WHO prefer to pull some wool over their eyes instead of wearing an overcoat, an oversize sweater is the perfect solution. After all, why pack more than you have to for those weekends in the country? Perry Ellis's nubby sweater is the answer, because it's simply too big to get and has a tight enough fit to keep out the wind.

Wool and wool-mix sweaters. \$125 to \$150. Perry Ellis. (800) 451-1111.



CALVIN KLEIN

The Amish Aesthetic

EVEN IF THE DAYS AREN'T GETTING ANY SIMPLER, our clothes seem to be, everything is scaled down, understated, reflecting a desire (however putative) to maximize the work ethic. Calvin Klein's fall men's wear has a stark, clean look reminiscent of the Amish. It'll make you want to raise a barn.

Left: Black single-breasted four-button suit featuring unadorned pleated lapels, white dress shirt, and gray and black tie. Center: Charcoal pleated suit, charcoal and purple sport jacket and trousers, and white shirt. Right: Black suit with black and white stripes. (800) 451-1111.

[Continued from page 65] young artists," observes Steve Ward, Singleton's cousin. She is very smart. "I think that maybe [because] of the nature of the subject matter in the film, one might think [John was born] as the voice of black people," but honestly I don't think John should, or other people should think that he does. I mean, Denzel Washington ain't carrying that, right? But money to the bank!" She laughs, adding, "And he black."

A quick aside: There is no one like John's mom in *Boyz*. Sheila and John used to drive around and look at people and make fun of them. The car would be bright and perfectly overboard, and Sheila would be going to get her hair fixed, and the window would be down to let some air in, and they'd act as old Italian lady boss over her car like a question mark, and they'd put words in her mouth, make up dialogue for the kinds of things people with faces like that would say. Sheila and her son played like aging actors, sometimes he was the director and she the producer. "We would push ideas to me, and believe me, I didn't want to leave him, but I had to keep looking at [him], with respect."

More aside: Sheila remembers John's senior year in high school, when he started talking about *Boyz*. "I'm a need a boy in the hood. Get it, get it. You know it's going to be about a car, a car driven by me and the lady—like a constant relationship challenge. Mmm, you know, the idea of the possibility of being alone, you know, when the car driven by... get it, get it, get it?"

There are more details Sheila was eighteen when she got pregnant with John. It was 1970, summertime. When the child began to show, Sheila felt like she had to run it out. Around the same time, John's father was drafted off to Vietnam, but after his tour he was his usual no office. When John turned twelve, Sheila was back to live with her father because "we agreed we were both going to raise him."

As John tells it now, he was beginning to be a disciplinary problem. But the John that Sheila remembers wasn't a problem child. He spent a lot of time reading; he was a sensitive only child, he wasn't out there running about alone. She and he drove their eyes all over L.A. together, all along those slick streets.

SEE THE BOY in the car, singing things, with Sheila, watching an Italian lady best over like a question mark, words on her lips. Sheila and John had made. That is a black story, too. That is John's autobiography, too, that story starring Sheila, who resembles no one in *Boyz*. Is Singleton's *Boyz* an artistic vision or *Boyz*? I have read the script, but I have not yet seen the film. I won't judge it. But I will ask: Does the film reflect John's life, his observations plus imagination? Will it be more of Polanski's "truth" or a black panther "truth" or his own? Expecting honesty, an impossible task—how will he do better this time?

The danger is that Singleton seems to be getting ahead, a man sign of being trapped, of losing touch with whatever subtlety he knows. Steve Neulien, *Boyz*'s coproducer, says, "He's still star struck.... In a way it's sad, but there are kind of the shows that he makes. He'd rather hang with Eddie Murphy, who means being in the same room as Eddie and Eddy bodyguards, and talk superficially about whatever superficial people talk about, than sit down with his true human. Some like."

I interview John, a second time, months after the discussion in his office, in front of the ledge of his hotel suite. He and the publicist walk alone the color of my writing table, brown, are in New York for *Boyz*'s wedding. He meets in John's hotel. The air comes about, just like the first time, and the television is on. Every so often John's eyes jump out at the set, they are still a shiny world, blurring, his gesture, subdued this time.

There is a tale of his *ah, ah, ah* thing laughter. Once John I learn to the other words on my tape machine, many of them also Neulien's, fairly in conversations. "I am not a socialist," Singleton mused me. He sometimes thinks he might just go live on an island in the Caribbean and talk and forget. "I only have to please myself," he'd said. I remember John's eyes and wonder whether the subdued look I'd found, on loneliness—what Neulien had described, what I'd discerned as a pest of random—was there all along. I am glad I was not so scared to look the second time, because suddenly I understood it must have been there, the sadness, that the crowding was nothing but a way to prop. For right.

I REWIND THE SCRIPT for *Boyz*, James on the flight back to New York. This version juxtaposes direction such as "Mama, come here. As she does we see more the round, beautiful fullness of her breasts," with heavy-handed adjectives to flesh each as Polanski's emotional *8 1/2*. The silly balance of adolescent sexuality and literary language (the script includes poems by Maya Angelou) suggests the film will, if nothing else, be a boyish celebration of the craft of writing. It also shows that Singleton is playing with the idea of writing in power, an immense potential for providing the heart.

We all have secrets but I have a secret. Back in L.A., between takes on the set the director had played video games with John's punky boyfriend. The atmosphere was calm, relaxed on a Sunday in Georgia. After one successful take, John came over and told how he and his boys are going to kick Mackie Rourke's ass for saying he and Spike counted the roots (which had just happened). He seemed angry and pleased with the attention Rourke had shown his way—the attention with Spike and black rap. I smiled and told myself I am ready if he wants me to help with the bar-brooding. I held this thought as John flitted back to work, then I struck up a conversation with Rourke Smith, who was slated to play a bartender in the next scene. We started to discuss the roots and the mother-fucking police and other badmouthing talk appropriate to the setting when John spoke up again, *ah, ah, ah*, along with that laugh of his. We continued the discussion, three black brothers close together as a team.

And then Singleton left abruptly, without checking out, without saying goodbye. I returned to heaven, to direct. I guess my first was registering some disappointment—maybe genuine—a reality because the publicist with skin the color of my writing table approached to give the moment.

"John's going to talk to you at lunch," she cooed. "He likes you—I can tell."

I chuckled at this, thinking I really don't care whether John Singleton likes me or not. I only want to find out who the brother is, if the brother is brave enough to write his way out of the trap. Fuck Hollywood, fuck meetings, fuck white people, fuck lawyers, hell, fuck color, blackness. Show that John's inside, will he remember? *a*



A precious 18kt gold laurel wreath, ancient symbol of victory

**"The more you achieve,
the more you deserve a Champion"**

THE CHOICE OF TRUE CHAMPIONS FOR GENERATIONS.

For the man who shows his true championship spirit in everything he does... Balfour proudly introduces "Champions Choice". A laurel wreath is masterfully sculpted of solid 18kt gold, mounted on solid sterling silver and hand-set with a center stone of jet black onyx surrounding a brilliant

5-point diamond. This is a true one-of-a-kind ring. And now, getting your hands on this precious ring couldn't be easier. Simply fill out the attached form or call toll-free 1-800-536-7439. Send no money now. You'll be billed in 5 easy installments of just \$39* each. Your satisfaction is completely guaranteed.

Yes! Please place my order for the "Champions Choice" ring. I need send no money now and will be billed for my first installment prior to shipment. A credit card ring claim will be sent to ensure that my ring fits perfectly.

Name Mail to Balfour
PO Box 2468
Andover, MA 02703-2468
Address
City State Zip Please mail by September 30th

*The \$39 per ring for shipping and handling and sales tax (where applicable).

Photo © 1993 B.F.

[continued from page 51] 3 a.m. when they appeared on the scene. Because the bar wasn't yet open, they carried two beer-and-three-quarter bottles of Dietmold red label, four quart cans of tomato juice, plastic cups, and a large sex chest. When the reservation had been made, Ad had been told that the guys were Syracuse coaches. As the only coach Ad would have recognized were the football coach, Dick McPherson, and the basketball coach, Jim Lockhart, and as these fellows looked to know things, Ad wondered how they could even teach freshmen gym classes.

At 3 a.m. Ad told Simone to walk up to the veranda and tell the men that if they weren't dressed by 3:30, without their vodka, he would be leaving. As it was hot and as Simone had been swimming between Cherry Island and Edgewater for the past half hour, she wore her black briefs. Once told to wait, she was startled from the veranda, she was wearing. Demanding to know what had happened, Ad described his fate as Simone whapped into his car what the man in the black men's baseball cap had and he'd like to do so on. Ad told her to start the engine on Mélanie, that he'd return promptly. Simone started to do as she was told, but he had never seen his father's sister so purposefully furious. Bareback, she sat across the lawn behind Ad, thence up the steep wooden staircase to the veranda, where Ad went directly to the resort man, grabbed him by the arm, yanked him from his deck chair, in the process spilling the man's vodka and tomato juice over them both, and dropped his face, very hard.

"If you ever talk to any modern-year-old, least of all my daughter, the way you just did, you won't talk to anyone for a year. Your jaw will be wired that long."

And because to a man the Orangeman from Ad took the suspension of the moment as a sign that everything that needed to be said had been, and so he started to walk away. But suddenly he found himself apposed on the deck, realizing that recent hell punched him in the back of the head, exactly as Ad had hoped.

With one furious backward across resort's face, the blood instantly erupting from the nose, Ad saw him reeling to his back, were immediately across the man's chest, pinning him close with his knees, and continued hitting him, once handfully but furiously, back

and forth. When the other Orangeman attempted to pull Ad from their friend, Simone, who knew nothing of the etiquette of fighting and didn't realize that they were simply trying to stop it, kept on the back of one of the men and started clawing his face so badly he reacted by throwing her angrily to the deck, at which time, trying to break her fall, Simone broke her wrist.

Naturally Louise blamed Ad for everything. During Ad should have known a woman as clever as appearing as she is at dinner and for him to have permitted Simone to parade about in a sloppy bathing suit for decades middle-aged pools was inviting disaster. Weeping at his daughter, who of course knew all about the bitter arguments of the summer before, Ad said that though "most is as common as day—that's why we all have poured heart"—in upstate New York. "I had never been able to look at my own daughter," "brought" though they may be, as anything but royal pain in the ass, and he'd be goddamned if he'd be held accountable for Simone's inspiring loss in "a bunch of drinks with the Kip of recorded frogs." As even the girls laughed joyously at this, Simone laughing the loudest despite her pain, Louise had no choice but to let it rest.

It was not so very long ago that on the very day Ad was scheduled to meet me to drink to Ganiscoque, where he intended to get some morphine, he experienced his first chest pain. Until then the symptoms of his cancer had been deceptive.

Ad's weight loss had been a mere eight pounds, and because he usually lost fat much during the falling season, he saw no reason for alarm. When finally acid him to Sten and the Upstate Medical Center in Syracuse for the GI series and a gastroscopy—he told Louise that he and Sue were going to fish Lake Ontario for a couple days—was an overwhelming neediness. It was a tiredness that became so acute that on one occasion, the time that sent him to Sten, he fell asleep at the wheel of Mélanie and in his fishing party's hour, ran the skill, moving glacially, drunk God into the airport public dock, just missing a beautifully appointed forty-two-foot Hatteras.

Ad was now sitting halfway up the staircase that led from the kitchen, the first wave of pain having passed. Birds of perspiration stood out on his forehead

like just just telephone and asked if I was other. When I said yes, he asked me to drive, as the last thing he needed at the moment was a DWI. I said sure.

On the drive to Ganiscoque, over both the American and Canadian spans of the International Bridge, I was amazed by the good cheer with which he related the details of his illness, in the process of recounting a funny incident that occurred immediately after his phlebotomy. On the back as I say his halfway up the back staircase when the first pain hit. He sat down on the steps and was so strong when Nicole and his baby, Samantha, now seventeen and nineteen respectively, came into the kitchen and started a conversation in French. They spoke French every other day in the bedroom house, and this was a Friday Day, as the girls called it. Ad said he could not bring himself to embarrass the girls by telling out that he was strong not twenty feet from death.

Because Louise had told him, he knew all his daughters had been put on the pill following their stomach berberies, and he hadn't said anything about it, knowing they were too sensible to be promiscuous. Apparently Samantha was considering sleeping with her boyfriend of the summer, a Clarkson University freshman working as a busboy at Carleton's Book House.

Nicole said why not. "Go for mad and get your penis in it. It only hurts the first time."

"Well," Samantha spoke in French. "I've done it six times. And it hurt like hell every time."

"You've done it six times?" Nicole cried. "Not with that stupid Donald. I hope."

"Yes, with Donald. And he's not stupid. Even though he looks it." Sue was silent as Nicole pondered this about her kid sister. She then said, "You're so goddam precious, Sue. I expect still will be burning you when you're in Mom's age."

So embarrassed was Ad, he told me, he crowded up the staircase on his hands and knees so that the girls wouldn't hear his footfall, made his way into the bedrooms, and took a shower in preparation for my picking him up. When I asked Ad what the pain had been like, he said it had been only a hanger of what was to come. He then roared with laughter.

"One, or six, or just mad and get your penis in it."

Boost Your Sexual Confidence.

You can't be too rich, too handsome—or too sexy. But sensuality is a learned art. There's no such thing as a born lover. Sure, love is a key ingredient, but even couples at the best relationships have to work hard to keep passion going.

Know-How Is The Best Aphrodisiac.



In our dynamic **Better Sex Video Series**, hosted by 2 of America's leading sex therapists, typical couples reveal sexual performance techniques for going from 0 to light speed on the hot sex meter.

America's Best-Selling Sex-Ed Video

Volume 1, Better Sexual Techniques visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Serfer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for more enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order the **Better Sexual Techniques Video** today and take the first step to more enjoyment.

Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy.

All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy. Each video is approximately 90 minutes.

**THE
Better Sex
Video
SERIES**

Sex. The More You Know
About It, The Better It Gets.

For Fastest Service
With Credit Card Orders,
Call Toll Free

800-888-1900

(24 hours a day, 7 days a week)

The Technical Institute
Dept. 2834
P.O. Box 8653
Columbus, OH 43214

The Technical Institute, Dept. 2834, P.O. Box 8653, Columbus, OH 43214

	1991	1992	1993	1994
Vol. 1, Better Sexual Techniques	\$79.95	\$29.95		
Vol. 2, Advanced Sex Techniques	\$79.95	\$29.95		
Vol. 3, Making Sex Fun	\$79.95	\$29.95		
The 4-Volume Set—SAVE \$200	\$799.95	\$499.95		
Postage & Handling		\$3.00		
Permit: <input type="checkbox"/> VISA or <input type="checkbox"/> MC		705742		

☐ Bank Money Order ☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
NOTE: No C.O.D.'s or C.O.D. accepted

Card No.

Complete order address. Please make checks payable to T.E.I. orders. An additional \$2.00 is required for shipping. Please specify no returns.

Exp. Date

800-888-1900 24 hours, 7 days a week

A complete 1-volume video set also available. Call Toll Free to inquire.

[continued from page 6] the wedding ceremony unless they stopped fornicating until their wedding day. Not only did the fianceman have to stop, but so did the bridegroom.

Rather than look for another preacher, Chris started looking for another bride. The couple didn't alter the idea of paying two men, so they finally decided that Chris would move in with Kris's sister, who was married and had a pool of kids.

Unfortunately, there wasn't a spare bedroom. Chris would have to bunk with the children. He took the bottom bunk. At night, the eleven-year-old, who is the top bunk, Hannah, sat, on a roll-away bed, and Stanley, four, on a pillow on the floor. Coming home after work at 3:00 in the morning, the bridegroom would be welcomed as quietly as possible. Then he would creep up to his lower berth, trying not to snap on Hannah or Stanley. Chris had visions of playing a big boss on top of a small boss on the deck.

The couple didn't talk anybody at D & D, but they were engaged, but wanted everybody know the news. The crowd burst around the deputy coroner snoring Chris a heartbreaker. They looked him about living with his sister-in-law and how frustrated he must be. And they flirted with him more outrageously than ever.

Hannah, Kris gave her fiancé the silent treatment. Then she stopped talking to her. Chrisophorus have always been friends, but their two-year carrying is too far. "What is case to call off the wedding?" As Tom Robbins once pointed out, even cowboys get the blues, and she had them bad. While Kris and Chris try to work out their problems, he leaves them to it and do a little dancing.

COWBOYS AND COWBOYS CRASH PARTNERS

As it is, it's considered polite to dance with kids of different people. So we'll begin with Sheila Latham. When we ask her, she says yes because she always wants to dance. The day in playing a slow two-step, so maybe we can keep up.

Sheila—the twenty-one-year-old office manager of a cellular phone company—is a blond cowgirl whose taste runs to short skirts and tall boots. It's hard to believe that she used to be thirty pounds overweight.

In the old days, Sheila used to work

out at L. A.'s largest health club, which is located right next door to Dennis & Diamonds. She did hours of aerobics every week but never burned off any weight. Very discouraging.

Then two years ago she discovered D & D. Soon she was working out late and dancing more. She took knee pads in her dancing because she could feel that she was getting better. And Dennis And partner. Soon she started winning D & D dance contests. The chubby girl had turned into the most beautiful woman in the saloon. She let her health-club membership lapse.

Now she not only has the dance partners she wants, she even has a fiancé. She met him at D & D on New Year's Eve. But they have a problem. She can dance better than he can, which, according to the amateur cowboy code, means she is a better cowboy than he is.

"Men have big egos," she says. "A man doesn't want his woman out on the dance floor looking better than another man than she does with him. So her fiancé doesn't come to the D & D very often. He still shows up alone every night."

"It's really an obsession," Sheila says. "It's a problem between us, but it's something I don't want to get up to. It's a part of my identity. Since it's the only thing that ever made me lose weight, I'm afraid if I stop, I'll get heavy again."

It's time to change partners. We don't want to make Sheila's fiancé any more jealous. He's already in. The day is playing a slower two-step now.

Let's see if we can keep up with Anne Starr. Currently her two main interests in life are bull riding and breast surgery. She loves her job as a neurosurgeon at the University of Southern California medical school. And she loves a bull rider, whom she met at D & D.

"When my boyfriend got hurt," Anne says, "he kept I know how to push him up."

Her boyfriend, Steve Stenitzer, a Japanese American, has a life and death job, too. He is a member of the Los Angeles Police Department and is assigned to an elite unit whose target is L. A. gang. Bull riding is just his hobby. He is an adrenaline junkie. Lots of people think they have inherited the cowboy mantle—country singers, stunt men, even lawyers who specialize in litigation. And, of course, cops.

Steve does his bull riding on the pe-

lice rodeo circuit, as a member of the National Police Rodeo Association (NPRRA). After Steve met the owner of Dennis & Diamonds at a rodeo in Anaheim, he started coming to the club, where he was introduced to Anne.

So far Steve has never been hurt as a policeman, but bull riding is a more painful sport. At the Lancaster Police Rodeo, a bull stepped on his knee and broke four of his ribs. At a rodeo in Yuma, his head came down as the bull's came up.

"He tried to kill the bull," says Anne. Steve needed seven stitches to close his split lip.

When there isn't a rodeo to get hurt in, Steve enjoys getting banged up riding practice bulls at a place called Gary Leflow's, north of Santa Monica. Anybody can walk in, pay ten dollars, and climb onto the back of a lot of trouble.

Steve and Anne often drive to the Santa Maria bullring, a seven-hour round trip. Steve does the driving on the way up, but Anne drives home because he is too sore to take the wheel. One partner he'll come up to Steve's knee, another breaks his collarbone.

Some cowboys also ride the bulls.

"Tom going on," promises Anne.

It's time to change partners again. We wouldn't want to make a cowboy cop mad by monopolizing his girlfriends' dances. The music is even faster now. We'll need another regular, one with fast feet. Let's ask Mike Haddock; thirty, whose indication is that he's a cowboy, he's already in. He's in the Union Cowboy. At the moment, she is unemployed, which goes by her time, she says, "no, practice dancing all day."

She was born and grew up in Los Angeles, but her ambition is "to work on a ranch or farm someday." But she adds that being a cowboy doesn't depend on living in the country. It's a matter of what you find inside—having a cowboy heart.

"Feeling a cowboy also depends on how you wear your hair. It's supposed to wear it on the back of your head," Rader, "it should be like on your head, just going your own." That's how she wears her hair, and it was how the movie *Stacy* wore hers. But the movie *Stacy*'s hair was decorated with paint, which she now considers Union Cowboy cliché.

"Let's be all right," says the new thing, "but you're older, if you wear Wranglers. They have more room on the thigh, so they're more comfortable if you're in the saddle all day. Besides,

Wranglers make your butt look good."

Stacy's boyfriend is another rodeo cop, and he gave her the last that rodeo low on her head.

Wherever Stacy ends up—with the bull-riding name or with somebody else, on a ranch or in the city—she is sure of one thing: "I intend to pursue a cowboy lifestyle."

Change partners. The music goes even faster.

There's Sandra "Sun" Salomo holding court at her regular booth, right in front of the dance floor. She's in her blues and generally plays slow to let the younger cowboys who need love advice but she'll sell a loudnote and a great two-stepper. Let's ask her to dance.

Sun wears and rents a business that makes gardening gloves. These gloves have made her rich enough to live in an expensive house in Beverly Hills and to have lived for years at the Del Ar Hotel's posh bar. But about a year and a half ago she decided to try this saloon she had heard of. Soon she was coming to D & D five nights a week and even practicing her dance steps in her gardening greenhouse all day.

"You don't have to have a hat," Sun says. "You just have to dance the dances."

But Sun does have a hat, or rather several, and they all look expensive. She also has all the clothes that go with the hat: handmade cowboy boots, tailored western slacks, fringed jacket. She's more Dennis Deane than rodeo, more diamonds than denim, but her dance partners don't seem to be a little wealth against her.

The song ends and another, even faster two-step starts up. The dancers are going around as fast that the cowboy hat keeps jumping cowboys and cowgirls off the dance floor. We are among the first to go.

Sam is so hot and sweaty that she heads for the restroom, where she takes off all her expensive clothes and gives herself a wet paper-towel bath. Several other cowgirls are in there taking baths, too.

COWBOYS AND COWBOYS HIDE THE MUSIC

ESSENTIALLY ORIGIN Chris is married to his girlfriend, Kris, that he D & D cowgirl hater was no real threat. He pointed out that he wanted to marry her, not that Kris decided that she should follow him and seemed up. So one live gig back on track.

And situations went into the mail.

MAVING

One Wife, One Husband

Y'all are allowed to witness the removal of things to the right of the old wall and when they wander to each other in the Lighthouse Church in Santa Monica.

Like a real Old West business, Chris Clark was hung over on his wedding day. At the church, as they were getting into their cowboy finery, the groomsmen were still building the poor groom's hair. His bachelor party the night before.

When do you take a job, God-fearing Maria's boy on the one of his wedding. His buddies chose the Thompsons, the home of most wedding in Los Angeles. Chris felt dirty watching the dirty girls wrestling with each other down on the mud soap. But before the night was over, he would do more than feel dirty. He would be dirty.

His friends pooled their money into an all, and bought him a wedding gift of his very own. While he was down in the club, grappling with her, Chris kept worrying that he was offending her by touching her in the wrong places. He really felt like a virgin. So he went to his friends' house.

His friends were yelling for him to push her up, while he kept trying, not entirely successfully, to dodge them. This seemed to be doing something to him from all directions, and there was no place to hide. Which was why he ended up drinking too much the night before his wedding.

Enduring the kidding, nursing a quaggy stomach, and worried that he would screw up the vows the very first time, his friends were yelling for him to push her up, while he kept trying, not entirely successfully, to dodge them.

His friends were yelling for him to push her up, while he kept trying, not entirely successfully, to dodge them. This seemed to be doing something to him from all directions, and there was no place to hide. Which was why he ended up drinking too much the night before his wedding.

His friends were yelling for him to push her up, while he kept trying, not entirely successfully, to dodge them. This seemed to be doing something to him from all directions, and there was no place to hide. Which was why he ended up drinking too much the night before his wedding.

His friends were yelling for him to push her up, while he kept trying, not entirely successfully, to dodge them. This seemed to be doing something to him from all directions, and there was no place to hide. Which was why he ended up drinking too much the night before his wedding.

So Chris met Kris at Dennis & Diamonds, courted her at Dennis & Diamonds, and when they married, they had their wedding party at Dennis & Diamonds. Their many friends and family of Chris Clark, who met at a body tank called Quiley's, fell in love at Quiley's, and had their wedding reception at Quiley's. In many ways it was the same, right down to the white boots.

But a lot has changed, too. Not only did Quiley's burn down, but the real kids whom the money was based on have long since divorced and gone their separate ways. The real deal gave up mechanical-hill riding and took up the rodeo, which his practices in his trailer house. He seems to be moving back toward his history from cowboyism to actual cowboyism riding.

While the bride was standing at the altar with her groom—ready to plight her troth—the noted something that the know wasn't wholesome. Her husband-to-be still had girl-wrestling scars on his arms.

Chris's mother, Sandra, used to tell her son, "Cowboys don't cry," but he couldn't help it at his wedding. And he never didn't cry to Quiley. The bride cried also. But the cowboy shed a few more tears than the cowgirl. A baby cried, too.

"Chris, we need more for the Lancelotti today," said the preacher. "This need to be the Lancelotti to your wife."

Soon after, all Lancelotti were part a medieval cowboy. And cowboys are part later-day knights with horses pulled down low instead of vases. The groom and his bride were looking like a small army of black knights, a number cowboy sound alike.

"With this abiding," Chris managed to choke out. "I ther blathered."

The louder the groom cried, the louder the bride cried.

"Chris," said the preacher, "you may kiss the bride."

The couple kissed and the crying lady caught the bride's.

Now the friends moved from Santa Monica's Lighthouse Church to Dennis & Diamonds. As his own wedding reception, Chris Clark found himself doing what he always does at D & D: teaching dance lessons. He had placed him on the floor and they taught their friends and family to dance like D & D cowboys. Hurt not hurt me? Harder Haddock.

PERSONAL SHOPPER

"The man I'm designing for is an artist, a businessman, and most of all, a gentleman." — Donna Karan

Since introducing the Personal Shopper page in March, we've been fascinated with all the great questions you're asking! How creative can I be with a "black tie" invitation? Am I supposed to tip the person who fits my suit? Is it OK to wear a GAP T-SHIRT with a double-breasted CALVIN KLEIN suit? Is there any difference between ARMANI A/X and EMPORIO ARMANI? If you've asked questions like these — and we all have — then this service is for YOU! Read on...then give me a call.

FASHION

Zigzag! Alrie, German designer **WOLFGANG JOOP** (rhymes with "woop") brings his designs years and accessories straddle class fall. Pants, shirts and in earthy reds, blues, greens, browns, and greys. "You're not! Call me if you want the names and phone numbers of the stores in your area that will be selling JOOP clothing this fall."

Neuber-Moss: It's lunch here and you need a fashion fix? Imagine some of the greatest neoclassic designers — and all under one roof! **GRATIAELINE NATIONAL** opens this summer in Manhattan with high-fashion luxuries like Etienne Gaultier, Zegna, Guccio Guccio, Romeo Gigli, Los Capicci, and Memphis. All scratchy prices too! 545 3829

One from Column A: Here's the twist: Very hot Chinese designer **BAO FENG** creates and designs all her clothing right here in America! And she recently introduced the outrageous fashion accessory for men. Her plotted Fortissimo line serves, available exclusively in high fashion



WARREN CHRISTOPHER

Monday - Friday
10 am - 5 pm EDT

Tel: 1.800.877.8488
Fax: 1.800.877.8455

stores around the country, come in solid muted colors and accent any strapless wardrobe.

Andon Away! You'll be the duck man with this line. Honest! **THE PAUL & SHARIT** collection of yachting and outdoor clothing arrives from Italy this summer! It's wild! It's fashionable! It's timeless elegance — accompanied the way only the Italians can — for guys of all ages. Call for locations

FASHION-ABLES

Dressing for Success. Collars always suit me to reacquaint a man's laptop book. Here's two that are hip, fun, and geared to a sensible budget. Ready? **ERIC SIMPLY**, published by Knopf, is a series of books that are best described as witty and instructive. The first two, **ERIC SIMPLY:**

CLOTHES & ERIC SIMPLY: HOME, offer a fresh and radical approach to living and dressing well in the '80s. **ERIC SIMPLY** is about bringing a little quality, style, and comfort into your life. If there isn't a great bookstore in your neighborhood, let me know and I can help you order **ERIC SIMPLY** by phone!

GROOMING

Mythological Interpretation. Paloma Picasso has transformed a mythological symbol into reality with **MINIATURE**, her first fragrance for men. For Paloma, **MINIATURE** means power, masculinity and imagination. It's a fresh and evocative fragrance inspired by the Medici. I want you to experience for yourself just how great **MINIATURE** is! I'll send the first 30 collars a free sample along with a sample of Paloma Picasso's fragrance for women. And if you're interested in ordering **MINIATURE** (definitely it's even in the stores) give me a call for more information!

Isagorin Models. J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

Fashion

THE DRESSING by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

Photographs and Illustrations

THE DRESSING by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

ERIC SIMPLY by J.B. from North Carolina writes: Help! Could stress be doing me in? I'm only 28 and already have some gray hairs. "Was my mother's degree worth it? No. My E, stress alone does not cause gray hair but it can't be wrong. According to Beth Mizner of **MANHATTAN TAILOR** in New York, "brand new to the men's professional hair coloring market is my own color-glossing, otherwise known as deers-permanent color. It allows guys to cover up or reduce gray hair without the subtle signs of coloring!" It's the new wave in men's grooming! So to all you concerned men out there (and I know I'm one) if you're interested in finding a hair salon in your area, or if you want more information about this great new process, give me a call!

COSMOPOLITAN Watches

Elegant Timepieces of Classic Beauty

Cosmopolitan Magazine is pleased to offer two limited-edition women's watches of extraordinary quality at direct from factory prices!

Cosmo Classic

This elegant gold-plated movement is an extraordinary find for the discerning woman. It features a 14K gold-plated case and an extremely precise Citizen "Swiss" quartz movement.

Only \$89.00 plus postage and handling.

Cosmo Sport

This sporty stainless steel watch features a gold-plated case and a gold-plated movement. It features a 14K gold-plated case and an extremely precise Citizen "Swiss" quartz movement.

Only \$79.00 plus postage and handling.



Not Available in Stores! Call 1-800-888-4078

We will send you one of each watch or money order to Cosmopolitan Watches P.O. Box 11495, Dept. E New Haven, CT 06511-0149.

LIMITED 5-YR. WARRANTY
We warrant you one of each watch or money order to Cosmopolitan Watches P.O. Box 11495, Dept. E New Haven, CT 06511-0149.

Manufactured exclusively for COSMOPOLITAN Magazine by International Watch Company, New York - Chicago - Hong Kong

Cosmopolitan is a registered trademark of The Hearst Corporation.

A scenic landscape featuring a large mountain in the background under a blue sky with white clouds. In the foreground, a river flows, and three riders on horseback are crossing it, creating a splash of water. The overall scene is peaceful and evokes a sense of the American West.

Marlboro Country

A special place with a flavor all its own.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1993

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

16 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.